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## Literary Department.

For the Banner of Light.

### HEIDELBERG TALES.

NUMBER TWO.

BY H. BRACE NORVILLE.

#### THE SILVER MOUNTAIN.

Yankee dentists are almost ubiquitous. The high art of dental surgery seems to be very nearly monopolized by the ingenuity of American practitioners. They are in demand everywhere; and as our national migratory disposition is especially fitted for accepting the call, Asiatic, South American and European grinders are generally pulled, plugged, and promiscuously tortured by errant scions of the universal Yankee Nation.

Dr. Welby was one of those wanderers. After a long practice of his profession throughout most of Heathendom and Christendom, he had settled down at Heidelberg on account of its literary attractions, and his villa, crowded with all the evidences of wealth and artistic taste, was the coveted resort of the learned of many nations. "I was happy, indeed, in having the entrée of it at all times, as an intimate and confidential friend.

It was one evening, in the summer of 1859, that I entered his room, as usual, only to find him, newspaper in hand, promending the floor in the greatest apparent excitement. To my eager and anxious inquiries, he responded by tossing me the journal which contained the following announcement:

#### "GREAT EARTHQUAKE IN PERU!"

Recent advices from Panama, via New York and Liverpool, announce that the city of Lima, in Peru, has been almost destroyed by an earthquake. Few buildings remain, and the loss of life has been very great. The principal shock occurred at midnight on the 10th of May, and the work of ruin was completed in ten minutes. Neighboring towns had also suffered terribly, and the coast has in some places been elevated several feet. Many vessels in the harbor of Callao were driven on shore and wrecked by the tremendous waves. It is impossible to collect all the details of the disaster, but the loss of property and life is immense. Couriers from the mountains report the adjacent volcanoes in a high state of activity."

I read the article through attentively, and then ventured to express some surprise at the Doctor's excitement. He responded with a story, the leading points of which are embodied in the following paragraphs:

For three years I had been practicing my profession in the city of Lima, and gaining influence, popularity and wealth, when my professional duties led me to form the acquaintance of Conchita Mendez. I was practicing both dentistry and general surgery, and had performed many cures which were considered remarkable, and even miraculous; so that my field of operations, which at first lay wholly among the poorer classes, the Indians and peons, had at last extended to the patrician ranks, where the lady mentioned belonged.

She was by birth a Mestizo, or descendant of both the Spanish and Indian races. Her father was a miner, reported to possess enormous wealth; and her mother, who had died some years before, was an Indian woman, in regard to whom strange stories were current among all classes. She was described as a person of great intellect and power, who was almost worshiped by her poor and oppressed race; and at her death, this veneration was apparently transferred to her daughter and only child, Conchita, who, by her father's death, had been left sole heir to an immense inheritance. She was a standing mystery among the Llimas. Many a young Don would have been glad to win her hand and fortune, but none were allowed to approach her, and she was regarded as the haughtiest of aristocrats by the white race. She was never seen at the theatre; seldom at the cathedral; her carriage never mingled with the throng of pleasure-seekers on the Plaza. But among the huts of the needy Indians, wherever there was want of charity to relieve disease and distress, she came like a gracious Providence, and was always welcomed and worshiped. Such were some of the current reports concerning her. I had done much gratuitous professional work among the same classes, and though I had never met her, I found her footprints everywhere.

By this you may judge with what eager alacrity I obeyed the summons which called me to her side. I had heard much of her wealth and beauty, but was ill prepared for the queenly splendor of her person, or the elaborate elegance that surrounded her. She was lying upon a silken divan, her face pale and rigid with suffering, but giving no other outward sign of the torture she endured. She was above the middle height, with a form perfectly statuesque in its proportions, and her Indian blood scarcely showing itself by richer tints of brunette and rose. And such hair and eyes! The former flowed in massive jet-black waves almost to her feet, and the latter were also black, of wonderful size and depth, and full of an intense, mournful splendor, whose expression will haunt me forever. The room in which she lay was filled with evidences of taste and culture, such as I had seen nowhere else in South America. Masterpieces of art, books comprising the choicest literature of all nations, the music of the most celebrated composers, filled the room. But I scarcely glanced at these, and proceeded at once to examine into the condition of my patient.

Some severe bruises on the side, a broken arm, and a dislocated shoulder answered my diagnosis. The inflammation and swelling were very severe. I at once saw that some time had elapsed since the injuries were received. To my inquiries, the lady answered that she had been thrown down a precipice from a litter, while on a journey among the mountains, five days before; that the accident

was caused by one of her bearers missing his footing; that she had hastened home as soon as possible after her fall, having received no surgical or medical aid, except cold water compresses applied to the wounds. She avoided all mention of her object in taking this dangerous journey, and of the direction in which she had been.

Without waiting to ponder over this, I at once set myself to work. Thanks to chloroform, strength and perseverance, the fractured bones were put into place at last, and the sufferer got into the way of recovery, though the terrible contraction and inflammation prolonged the struggle, and caused the greatest and most continuous pain during the weary weeks and months of recovery. It was a case which demanded constant attendance, and required that I should spend some hours of every day by her bedside.

It is at such times as this, that the surgeon gets some real insight into the character of his patient. Conchita manifested such fortitude as I never saw elsewhere. Not a moan or impatient word escaped her during all this terrible ordeal. She showed the true Indian impassivity and stoicism, refined into a loftier and more intellectual heroism. And so at last her splendid intellectual organization and marble nerves triumphed over suffering, and she was pronounced fairly out of the reach of danger.

You can readily guess the sequel. Constantly by her side, reading the masterpieces of human thought to beguile her hours of pain and weariness—discussing the works of the sculptors and painters—studying her wonderful mental gifts and magnificent physical development—I came at last to regard her with such a passionate awe and adoration as has seldom been accorded to mortals. She had nothing in common with the pretty, petty, coquettish, ignorant belles of Llimas society. She was of another race—a queen, a goddess, a star!

And soon I came to see and feel that my regard did not return to me wholly empty. She always welcomed me with a smile—she seemed happy in my presence—she expressed freely her admiration of what she was pleased to term my high mental endowments—and yet at times there seemed to drop between us an undefinable, chilling shadow—the atmosphere of some awful mystery—and in the midst of the warmest and tenderest interchange of thought and feeling, this invisible Presence would wrap itself around her, and her face would assume a cold, far-off, Nemesian-like aspect, which seemed to warn me that our life-orbits were too widely separated to ever blend into one.

Nevertheless, the crisis came. An hour at last arrived, in which the tide of human feeling over-swept all barriers, and I was enabled to tell her all that was in my heart. I was not at all surprised to describe all that followed: the old, frozen, mysterious Arctic glacier that thrust itself between us; the Tropical, omnipotent love that came warming and melting, and smiling—in fragrance, rainbows, sunshine—through. At last she responded in such words as these:

"There is a mighty, wonderful, fearful barrier between us. I am helpless in the grasp of destiny; I cannot cross it to join you; but perhaps in the night of human love you can surmount it and come to me. Make no vows, no pledges now; go home and reflect till you hear from me. Then, if you are ready to endure sufferings, brave dangers, pass through terrible ordeals for my sake, do as I shall direct you. Now leave me, for I have a long and strange journey before me!" And so we parted.

Three days of terrible suspense passed. Early on the morning of the fourth, a young, powerful, particularly ruddy young Indian delivered me the following note:

"Come with the bearer, asking no questions, but making such preparations as he suggests. You will find me at the end of your journey."

C. M.

Half an hour later, both of us were in the saddle, riding Eastward toward the Cordilleras. We climbed the vast breast of the Western range, which rises like a wall, sixteen thousand feet above the sea, surmounted by the snowy pinnacles, towering in inaccessible splendor a mile into the crystal depths above. We crossed the vast, rugged table-land that stretches out toward the Eastern Cordilleras. For a week we rode through rugged passes, across roaring torrents, and over barren, precipitous mountains, amid scenery growing wilder with every stage of our journey. At last the stupendous snowy cones of the Eastern Cordilleras broke upon our view. All traces of civilization had long disappeared. The only sign of human life that appeared in this desolate, unknown land, was the occasional apparition of a lurking, solitary, silent Indian, who looked at us with a strange glance of recognition, but uttered no word and made no other sign.

But at last the slender herbage which had hitherto sustained our boasts of burden, disappeared. The scanty trace of a road over the frozen desert ended. We left our horses at a small, ruinous hut, which lurked in a narrow, almost inaccessible valley, and in which forage had been stored, apparently for our use, to pursue our journey on foot.

Hitherto my guide had maintained an obstinate silence in spite of all my inquiries. Now his inflexible lips opened wide enough to say in Spanish, "Don't be afraid, you are going to the SILVER MOUNTAIN; you will see strange things; trust yourself to me, and all will be well."

Love, interest, curiosity to see the end of this wild adventure, overcame physical exhaustion and mental distrust. We lay down and slept as only wearied men can, and on awaking at sunrise, I was hardly surprised to see two stranger Indians, bearing heavy burdens, steal up like silent ghosts to join our company. A hasty and silent meal of tortillas and coffee followed, and we once more resumed our mysterious journey.

All that day we clambered up the narrow val-

ley of a half-dried mountain torrent, bounded on either side by vertical walls rising a thousand feet into the air, and at times almost meeting above our heads. The scenery was indescribable, awful, unearthly. It was the abode of desolation and utter death. No living thing, nothing but stupendous precipices of volcanic rock, greeted our vision. The air became bitterly cold, and almost unrespirable on account of its extreme tenacity. At last our journey seemed to end as the narrow valley which we had been following ceased to open before us; terminating abruptly against dizzy precipices, down which, as from the windows of heaven, poured a snow-white cataract, two thousand feet in one unbroken plunge, almost completely diffused in snowy spray. Here night came down upon us. The knapsacks of our sillas afforded us food, and wrapped in our cloaks, we lay down upon the frozen rocks, and slept the deathlike sleep of utter exhaustion.

Morning broke at last, wrapping these awful mountain solitudes in a robe of chilly, frosty mist. My impassive guide led the way to a narrow fissure, scarcely a yard in width, which seemed to cleave the mountain to its base; the trace of some ancient volcanic contortions. To the wall of this was fastened a slender ladder of ropes, whose summit was lost in the eddying, whirling clouds of vapor. Up this we ascended, scaling heights that seemed utterly interminable. Resting now and then upon a narrow shelf of projecting rock, we toiled for hours up this terrible path, at times almost blinded by the spray of the cataract, and breathless, exhausted, by the interminableness of the ascent. At last the summit was reached, only to be followed by a journey across the breast of a gigantic mountain, whose base and summit were hidden from view by the clouds that folded over all. Often our only means of passage was a row of slight niches out in the vertical face of the precipice, and to miss footing here was to perish in the fathomless abyss below.

Through such unearthly scenes as these, we clambered dizzily onward, till at last our journey ended in a narrow mountain valley, not less than eighteen thousand feet above the sea level, and surrounded on every side by desolate, icy precipices, too Titanic for even the condor to scale. A sharp turn to the left showed me a vaulted passage, apparently cut in the solid rock, and leading straight onward into obscurity. My guide lit a small lamp, and led the way, following this passage for a great distance, onward and downward, till at length it opened into a small vaulted chamber, hung round with the skins of the lama, containing a bed of similar materials, and a stone table spread with a most delightful repast—the venison of the mountains, fish, maize-bread, and tropical fruits. The air was warm and pure; everything seemed suited to refreshment and repose. I was left here alone, with an injunction to use these comforts without reserve. I made a delicious meal, and then threw myself down to rest. I was in a frame for physical enjoyment, after the fearful fatigues and perils through which I had passed. For a while, my brain teemed with a whirl of strange emotions, predominant among which was a feeling of crushing and overwhelming wonder at the wild, incredible manner of my present adventure. But even this soon yielded to physical exhaustion, and I slept.

How many hours this slumber lasted, I cannot tell. When I awoke, my recent guide, with four other Indians, dressed in a strange and barbaric, but brilliant costume of furs, trimmed with gorgeous plumes and massive golden ornaments, were standing beside my bed. My soiled and travel-stained garments had been thoroughly renovated during my sleep, and were handed to me without a word. My toilet was soon completed, and I stood ready for further orders. Still in silence, my eyes were closely bandaged, and I was led apparently through a labyrinth of winding and descending passages, a vast distance into the very heart of the mountain. At last the journey ceased. A low, rustling murmur, the scent of ascending human breaths, seemed to indicate that we were in the presence of a vast, waiting, expectant throng. I was gently seated, and the bandage was removed from my eyes.

I sat in a little gallery, raised a few feet above the level of a vast and dimly-lighted hall, and screened off from it by gorgeous curtains formed from the plumes of tropical birds, which left only a narrow loop-hole for my use. The floor of the hall was covered with a dense throng of human beings, every inch of standing room being occupied by the thousands of men and women who filled separate sides of the apartment. The single lamp that hung in the centre of the room, scarcely sent forth light enough to reveal its immense proportions, or to show the structure of its ceiling and walls. There was little of sound or motion in the throng; and while I looked on, the feeble light went out, and the very darkness of the pit was around me.

A few minutes passed in this manner. My heart was beating with suffocating strokes; a sense of dread, wonder, was unutterable as fast crushing out all power of reason or perception. What fate awaited me in this world of subterranean night? Was I awake, or was I looking upon the wild phantasmagoria of a fevered dream?

Suddenly the light blazed forth again—broad, dazzling, glorious. From some concealed cavity a brilliant stream of rays was projected upon an immense globe of burnished gold which stood upon a pedestal at one end of the apartment, with numberless spike-like rays which covered the vast surface of the wall, and which, as a mirror, filled the whole hall with radiance. My youth's wildest visions grew dim before this reality. Before me shone the great sun-god of ancient Peru! The whole wonderful temple stood revealed. The walls were littered with elaborately wrought silver ornaments, amid which the great golden image flashed, and scintillated like the rising sun. A whole nation stood below, each with his hands stretched toward it, and his head bowed in reverence. Before it stood a long line of priests in mystical robes.

Suddenly the great cavern rang with music. A thousand voices took up a recitative in the ancient Quichua tongue, which seemed to describe the former greatness of the Peruvian empire, before the hated Spaniard had done his terrible work; when the Children of the Sun dwelt in peace and harmony beneath the smile of their benignant God; when the valleys were filled with plenty, and the river-sands were of gold. But while this was in progress, there came a change in the countenance of the great image. A black and disastrous eclipse, a shadow of darkness, edged and tinted with blood, was slowly moving across the golden disk. The song changed in unison, and became a mournful wail, describing how the Peruvians, the altars were overthrown, the gentle invaders slaughtered and enslaved, and all things covered with ruin and desolation. Then the anthem was again changed to an agonized prayer, which sounded like a lost soul lifting a hopeless cry for mercy; and at last it sank away in a low, wailing sigh, and again all was darkness and silence.

Then came a deep, smothered, awful sound, like distant thunder, which shook the mountain to its base. Seven times was this repeated, and when the seventh reverberation filled the air, the whole throng gave a mighty shout, and there was a tremendous sound, like the clash and din of arms in battle; and then, almost instantaneously, the light once more appeared with tenfold brilliancy and splendor. The great image glowed like a mountain of fire, encircled with radiant rainbows. And right beneath the central stool Conchita Mendez, in robes crusted with gems, and there, with words, and songs, and solemn rites, was crowned and consecrated as Priestess of the Sun, and Queen of Peru!

I saw no more. Suddenly the bandage was again placed over my eyes, and I was led back to my former apartment. Here, a little later, I was rejoined by Conchita. She came sweeping into my presence in her royal and sacerdotal robes, and, standing before me, spoke words like these:

"You have been witnessing the annual Festival of the Sun, in the great cave-temple of the Silver Mountain. You have seen nothing supernatural. Those effects of light and darkness were caused by mechanical appliances, and are a part of our regular ritual which has here been in operation for ages. Your historians tell you that sun-worship and the ancient Peruvian empire were utterly destroyed by the Spaniard. This is not true. In these inaccessible and unknown fastnesses the Sun-god has never been without priests and worshippers, nor Manco Capac without a reigning heir and obedient subjects. Come and see for yourself."

She raised a curtain, which uncovered a vaulted opening. We followed this for a short distance, when it suddenly opened into daylight, upon the vast front of an inaccessible precipice. Soft white clouds were floating far below us, but through rifted openings we could discern an Eden-like valley, fifteen thousand feet beneath, circled round by utterly impassable snow-peaks, and dotted with the homes of a numerous race. Only to the eastward a narrow cleft opened into the boundless, ocean-like *selvas* of the Amazon. Looking at this scene she went on:

"Our land was great and happy once; our people were gentle and good, and the Sun loved them. But they sinned and fell; they lifted up fratricidal hands against each other; therefore the Spaniard brought the curse. He slaughtered and enslaved our fathers; he destroyed our homes and polluted our temples; he bored our mountains into honeycombs for silver, and carried away the earth of our valleys for gold. But, in the commencement of the struggle, the children of the Incas and the treasures of the palace were removed to this stronghold, and all the means of communication were destroyed. The secret was well kept, though many died in cruel tortures for refusing to reveal it. And here, in this valley of freedom, where the Spaniard has never come, the germ of the ancient System and Faith has lived on and flourished."

An ancient prophecy foretold that seven great earthquakes should mark the term of our bondage. Six have already passed; the time of the seventh is at hand. When it comes we shall arm for deliverance. These great heart-throbs of the mountain occur at intervals of fifty years. When the eighth one comes we shall again be free and great."

My mother was the last survivor of the ancient royal line. It was deemed advisable that her children should be educated in the knowledge of the world's civilization. It is not necessary to describe all the means employed to serve this end; but they were successful; and I was born in the capital and trained up amid all the appliances of modern learning. I have traveled over Europe and America, studying the world's customs and systems of government. I have found your people far in advance of all others in enlightenment and freedom. In my acquaintance with you I have discovered in you a wisdom and power such as few men possess. You can help us; you can teach us the arts of war and of social life; you can influence your people in our behalf. I am not my own; this great work is before me; love, peace, rest, have little weight in my destiny. You have told me that you love me. Is this regard strong enough to induce you to join me in this great work to begin which we are only awaiting the war-blast of the earthquake?"

What a question was this! To leave home, friends, civilization at my back, to wed this mountain princess, and to lead her bold tribe, incredibly rich in silver and gold, but poor in knowledge, numbers and resources, in a crusade against long established systems, in behalf of the ancient and obsolete worship of the sun! It was an offer at which a more enthusiastic man than I might pause before accepting it. But while I sat and

pondered, I saw Conchita's eye flash, and her bosom heave; all the blood of the Incas mantled her face as she said: "Ah, you pause! you hesitate! That is enough; I am answered; farewell!" And before I could speak or remonstrate, she passed from my sight forever.

That same night I left the Silver Mountain. My guides bore with them a burden which I was enjoined not to examine till I should be far out on the ocean. In my solitary cabin on board the Panama steamer, I opened the casket to find myself rich in jewels and gold. Since then I have been watching and waiting for the earthquake.

The signal of the seventh earthquake has sounded! Years will probably pass before the world hears of decisive results. But be sure that those wild mountaineers are gathering and preparing. Before this century passes away, the world will witness, among the Andes, an extraordinary upheaval and rejuvenescence of the semi-civilizations of the past. So the New becomes old, and the Old, in the cyclical movements of time, again renews its youth.

## Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

"We think not that we daily see  
About our hearts, angels that are to be,  
Or may be if they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."  
—LIZION HURST.

### GREAT SUCCESS.

CHAPTER IV.

Squire Niles owned a fine farm on the turnpike road leading to Adams. He had a large, square house, with fine rooms; and his barn was quite a wonder in the country. He kept the best horses, and the fattest sheep, and the largest dairy of any man in the town. In his orchard grew the most luscious peaches, and the yellowest pippins, and all the children in town knew that no such pears were to be had as those on the large tree in his garden. It is no wonder, then, that the annual apple-bee at his house was looked forward to by the young people with great delight.

Mrs. Niles knew what good appetites were waiting for bread and pies, and the oven groaned with its load of light white loaves, and its pumpkin pies, and sweet apples.

Mary, the only daughter, was a brisk girl, and understood the ways of her mother, and could turn her hand at all sorts of work. She was allowed, by her father, to do very much as she pleased; but her mother thought it quite necessary to give her some wholesome discipline, that she might prove to be a worthy child.

The day of the apple-paring was a rich autumn day. The yellow light was so summer-like, that it seemed indeed as if the cold winds and frost had repented of their sad work, and had wooed the gentler breath back again, that would coax the buds into life, and make the few remaining leaves forget to fall.

Mrs. Niles had been educated a Quakeress, and adhered to the peculiar speech and habits of her youth; but her husband was a lover of the world and its pleasures, and Mary was like her father.

"Now, Mary, thee must be sure and dust the sideboard carefully, and then go to the chest and get out the large table-cloth, the one that I wove last year, and then count all 'those that thee expects, and take down the large plates, and—"

Mrs. Niles was interrupted in the rest of her commands by the striking of the clock, which told her that it was just the minute to take out her pies. But Mary was too intent on thinking just who she did expect, to think of any other command of her mother's, and she began:

"Well, I expect Susan Sloan, and Jane Dean, if her father 'll let her come. I'm glad I ain't a deacon's daughter."

"Hush, my child! thee should wish to be all that is good."

"And then," continued Mary, "I shall expect Phoebe Stamp, and Sophia Taft, and John Smith, and Jacob Tinkerton—if his grandmother 'll let him come—and Abraham Foster, and—"

"Now, Mary, I trust thee has not asked him."

"I'm sure I have; and father's glad, for he says—"

"Thy father is very apt to think kindly of everybody," said Mrs. Niles.

"And why shouldn't he think kindly of Abraham? for everybody knows—"

"Now, Mary, thee is very careless in thy speech; everybody does not know."

"Well, Abraham is asked; and papa says—"

"Mary, tend to thy work; a busy tongue can only bring thee harm."

But Mary thought how much Abraham had added to the pleasure of the party last year, and how much he had praised the golden pippins that she had rubbed until they shone like golden balls; so she ran again to the large shed and selected a basket full and began to polish them with a snowy towel. But her face had not the glad look that it had a little while before. Her mother's words had made the day look quite sombre. Could it be that after all Abraham was a good-for-nothing fellow, as some people said?

In the village little work was doing that day by the young people; there was hurry to and fro, and preparation for the evening's pleasure. The meeting at Mrs. Taft's, resulted in the choice of John Smith to hire and drive the team, and Abraham this he resolved to remain at home, for he was sure he could not bear the distrust that this change from former years implied; but Squire Niles had called into Peter Hink's shop, and urged so earnestly that Abraham should go, that he at last decided to join the party.

When the large wagon went through the village, about four o'clock in the afternoon, it contained all the invited guests. Abraham took his seat



quietly on one side of John Smith, who moved up an inch to accommodate him, and who turned his head, with a smile, to Jane Dean.

A very slight motion of the head, or a turn of the lip, can give a great deal of pleasure or pain. Abraham felt a flush rise to his cheek, but merry voices behind him, made him cease to be angry; for Sophia was full of her good-natured fun, and none could help joining in it.

The road wound up a steep hill; and as the shadows that the sinking sun cast fell across their path, Abraham thought of the shadows that seemed to come to his life.

"If I look down I see them," said he, to himself; "but let me look up, and there is the splendor of the sky. I heard Uncle Isaac say that life was worth nothing without trouble; for if we had no trouble, we should never try to see how well we could do."

He was so absorbed in these thoughts that he did not notice that they were coming to the narrow bridge over the little brook. This was a safe enough place with careful driving, but every one could see that John held a careless rein. Just as they were nearing the bridge, one of the horses gave a sudden jerk to the rein, and John, wishing to show his importance, raised his whip to strike a blow. Abraham seized his hand:

"For the sake of us all, don't strike," said he.

John, angry at any interference, snatched his hand from the grasp of Abraham, and brought a severe blow on the horse's back, saying:

"Tend to your own business; this is mine."

The horse reared, plunged, whirled, and in a moment more the wagon would have been upset, for already the planks on the sides of the bridge yielded to the strain. Frightened beyond all power of helping to restrain the horses, John let the reins drop, and jumping to a safe place, ran as fast as he could. As quick as thought Abraham seized the reins, gave a strong pull, with a firm word of command, and all were safe in an instant.

The party, a moment before too frightened to speak, now screamed, and laughed in quick succession. In a moment more all praised Abraham, and thanked him for their safety. John came slowly up as the wagon stopped for him.

"I'm sure I would not have jumped, only I thought we were going to tip over," said he, in a drawing tone.

"And so you meant we should all perish?" said Sophia. "I'm sure, we're much obliged."

John went to his old place, and Abraham moved for him.

"No!" said they all, "we'll not bear that; one must will do."

"I won't ride an inch if John drives," said Susan.

"Nor I," "nor I," added many voices. "It's only Abraham that's capable of driving."

So Abraham quietly kept the reins, gently restrained the horses, and carried them in safety to Squire Niles's side door. If Abraham had been a general in disgrace who suddenly achieved a great victory, and received the highest honors, he could not have been more satisfied than he was to see all eyes turned to him in trust and gratitude. As he helped the girls from the high wagon, Sophia said:

"You ought to be very glad that you come, for we should all have been killed, perhaps, if you'd have stayed at home."

Abraham did feel a rich return for his determination not to yield to his pride and selfishness. When Squire Niles heard the account of the adventure, he turned quickly to John, and gave his upper lip a curl of contempt, and was about to speak, when he seemed to recollect what was due to him as his guest, and only said, "hail!" Turning to Abraham, he said:

"Give us your hand, boy. I know just how you did it. Have not I managed that unruly beast before? Come, and I'll show you the finest creature in the county; and I'll give you a turn on him any day, if you'll come up here."

This was the greatest compliment that Squire Niles could bestow, and this they all knew; and Abraham was looked upon as quite a hero, by most of the company.

Mary, in the meantime, having received an account of the narrow escape, and Abraham's ready courage, ran into the long kitchen to tell her mother, who listened without any signs of emotion, and only replied:

"I tell thee, my child, to be very careful how these judges of what they did not see."

"But, mother—"

"I think thee had best attend to thy guests."

Mary went with a slow step from the kitchen into the long shed, and looked out to the sunset. The golden light shone between the hills, and the evening star gleamed in its beauty. Mary thought, like a loving eye. She wondered why everything was not as fair, and clear, and full of love, as the sky; and why people did not love everybody just as the sky seemed to, and shed upon them some tenderness and care.

Abraham soon found that two parties had sprung up—one anxious to make him feel at ease, and by their kindness, to show respect to him and the course he had taken. The other determined to make him uncomfortable, and to show him that they felt very far superior to a boy who could learn the shoemaker's trade in the humble shop of Peter Hink. Various feelings governed him. Sometimes he felt the angry blood rise to his cheeks; and then he felt calm in the knowledge that he had done the very best that he knew how to do. Again he said to himself:

"To succeed, is to try. I will try to make my way to something as noble as Uncle Isaac wished to find for me."

He had been out to the barn to attend to the horses, John having given up all care of them, and he came past the shed door where Mary stood watching the evening stars. She was so intent on her thoughts that she did not notice him, or thought it was one of her father's workmen. Abraham looked at her face so full of goodness, and was sure she would have some kind word for him, but as he passed, and she did not speak to him, or even look toward him, he felt sure that she purposely slighted him. His little resolves forsook him, he felt ashamed of what he had done, and was vexed at the destiny that took from him the easy path to a noble position; he wished himself anything but a shoe-maker's apprentice. In this mood he went into the house where already the basket of apples were being placed at convenient parts of the kitchen, and companies were forming about each. He longed to go among the merriest; but in this mood he would not, and seated himself beside some grave ladies who commenced their work as if it was a solemn duty. He heard the merry hum of the voices as if he was in a dream, and in a waking dream he was, for he was thinking about the miserable shop of Peter, and the miserable life he was to lead there. Mary had entered, and warned by her mother sat down quietly among the now busy workers.

"They do say," said Cerinda Potham, with precisely her father's tone, "that it was very strange, but then murder always will out, and I should not wonder if—"

"If what?" said Jane.

"Well, I guess I won't tell; you know it isn't always best to tell all one knows."

"A good many people do tell all they know," said Sophia.

"Well, if folks take care," said Cerinda, "you know that it's natural to suppose that—"

"That what?" asked Jane again.

"Well, I guess I won't tell; but you know," continued Cerinda, "that Mr. Stamp—well, they do say that Mr. Stamp has missed ever and over so many things, and anybody knows who's round Mr. Stamp's."

"I guess they do," added John, who had been moving his seat nearer and nearer as the conversation went on; "and I guess folks know who has caps, and I think it's pretty likely that Mr. Hink will know where his shoe-leather goes to."

Jane turned to John and whispered:

"A jolly old cobbler was he. He mended a boot and he mended a shoe, And for want of something better to do He sewed up his fingers three."

Here they laughed so loud and so long, that half the company joined, not knowing what the laugh was about, Mary joining with the rest, supposing it was some real fun that needed her polite attention.

Abraham who had been quietly at work was aroused by some remark of the dull boys beside him, and once aroused he was keenly alive to all that passed. He heard enough of the conversation to know that he was the subject of it, and that there was some doubt of his honesty. "By all that is good," he thought, "they shall repent this."

But how make them? If he asserted his innocence no one would believe him the more. It seemed to him that they all doubted him. He was sure that many joined in the laugh, and among them Mary. As he sat there, cutting with great care and precision the snowy apples into quarters, he felt rising in his breast a noble resolve. "I'll prove myself honest and true," said he, "I'll lie down their false assertions. I can do it, and I will. I am appearing to be ashamed of something now; I'll join the company, and show myself an honest boy." With this determination he rose and quickly joined the merry group where sat his associates. If he could have seen the quick smile that passed over Mary's face, and the kindly look from the eye of Sophia, and the good-natured nod of Susan, he would have felt strong in his resolve; but he saw only John's nudge at Jane's elbow, and he heard only:

"Mum's the word," from Cerinda Potham. In a few moments however, the merry talk and laugh and the proposal for a game at "who'll beat," made him quite at ease. He was about changing his seat to the side where Mary quietly turned her knife, while her eye gleamed with real pleasure. When Mrs. Niles who had been watching the group over since Abraham took his seat there, whispered in Mary's ear, "There had better come into the other room and see if everything is ready."

Abraham had not noticed Mrs. Niles, but seeing Mary move away, he felt sure that it was from distrust of him, and dislike at being near him. But a noble resolve had entered his mind, and although all frowned upon him he was calm. Squire Niles was a man so kindly in his nature that he gave all his efforts at making his house seem like a beautiful resting-place on the wearisome journey of life. He seemed to think that it was his duty to remind people of the millennium and the Kingdom of Heaven by very substantial comfort here below. Therefore he served his supper like a loving father, and when all were well satisfied he took down his fiddle and struck up a lively tune, saying: "Come, boys, now for the one you love the best!" and in a few moments the rafters of the long kitchen were vibrating to the motion of joyous feet. Mrs. Niles protested, as she had often done before, but her husband silenced her by saying: "Oh, young folks must have a good time; we shall never be young again; let those that are enjoy all they can; trouble comes with gray hairs and weariness of the flesh."

Abraham could now join in the amusements of the evening without sadness, for he looked forward to a course of noble effort, and within himself for an assurance of the true and good. Jane Dean and John Smith whispered together, and any one could hear: "What presumption! what assurance! did you ever? I think I'd not hold my head so high!" but the evening wore on without further unpleasant feeling and Abraham drove the party home in safety.

[To be continued.]

## MY NEIGHBORS IN THE COUNTRY.

### NUMBER ONE.

Away from the noise and dust of the city, away from all my busy neighbors, the chirping canary, the waving Alantans, the crying boy, the sweet singers, the disconsolate man and the little plant, the steamboat and the car and the coach carried me far into the beautiful country, among the silent, everlasting hills, close by the quiet, home-like meadows, near the friendly forests, and into a great deal of beauty and peace. What neighbors could I find there? Some dear, familiar faces no doubt, but what friendly voices would speak words to me that I should find it pleasant to repeat? Thus I thought on the beautiful journey as I remembered all my city acquaintances.

How pleasant it was to step on the green grass and run down to the little bushes beside the stone wall! And here, the very first hour, I found I had a most friendly neighbor. Whether she thought I would be lonely I did not know, but she commenced such a busy talking that I was quite delighted. She fluttered her gray wings and kept just a little way from me as if coaxing me toward something more beautiful, and all the time she kept chattering and calling, sometimes imitating other birds, and sometimes screaming like the cat, for which she is named. But I found very quickly that she was only enticing me away from a nest that was cozy resting among the branches of a little plum copse.

A very cunning fellow is this bird, called the American mocking-bird, and I hope you are all acquainted with it, for there is no end to the fun you will have with it. It will play all manner of pranks on you just as if it wanted to cheat you. Sometimes it will sing like a thrush, then like a robin, and then pause and give a most doleful cry. Sometimes you feel quite sure that a beautiful singer from the forest has come to your door; but if you search for it, there is the little gray-coated fellow stretching his throat in imitation of some note it had heard. It seems as if it was trying to tell you how very finely the birds sing down in the woods, and because you did not wish to go there just then, it would bring all it could of the melody to your very door.

Very glad was I for a night of the dear, little, motherly creature, and she seemed to be saying to me: "Come now, you just let my little ones alone and I'll tell you the prettiest story you ever heard. I'll tell you about the 'wood-anemones' first: They blossomed just as lovely as ever last spring, so you may be sure there is a dear Father who cares for the lilacs of the field and for wood-anemones. Now, don't go near my nest. How would you like to have your little one touched by

hands that did not know what it needed. There soon, come this way, and I'll tell you about the beautiful hemlocks and how they kept their freshness all through the cold storms of winter just to prove to you how good a little trouble is, if one only makes the best of it. Why, I know a hemlock tree that got beaten again and again by the cruel winds, and bent down by snow and ice until it seemed as if its branches must break; but it yielded itself more and more, as if saying: 'It will soon be over; I'll bear a little while longer' and, if you'll believe me, it's a splendid tree now, with not a single broken branch. But, dear me! I do wish you'd come a little further from my nest! if you will I will tell you about the snowy water-lilies that float on the pond: They bring all their beauty and whiteness up from the black mud. Only think of it! Don't that show you what you can do? There's nothing so very, very bad but the loving Father has put some beauty in it that will blossom out by and by. There now, I am very much obliged to you for coming so far away from my nest and my dear little ones, for you must know, their feathers are just beginning to grow and I feel very, very anxious about them."

Do you think it strange that I could hear such a long story from my new neighbor? You just go out some day and listen to one awhile, and then begin thinking of a great many good and beautiful things, and then imagine what it tries to tell you. Are you not very glad I have so delightful a neighbor in the place of the pretty boy?

Written for the Banner of Light.

DE VERE.

BY BELLE DUSH.

PART FOUR.

Voices of Earth and the Answer of Angels.

As died the tones of that despairing cry, My heart yearned once again to make reply, Yet through its echoing cells that mournful "Why" Still sounded, and brought back the answering sigh.

And a voice said to me, "Not yet, not yet; Thou canst not give a fitting answer yet To the sad hearts that weep in fond regret O'er the loved ones whose sun to them has set: Upon too low a key thy songs are set. But list awhile; like waves upon the beach, Shall come to thee the sounds of human speech. Oh, heed their voice, and thou shalt learn ere long How sorrow's tone will change to joy's sweet song."

Through sighs and groans, and tears of wild regret, Thou yet shalt see, when all thy pearls are set, Faith's crystal towers arise o'er walls of jet." These words, breathed in a voice full, deep and clear,

Like music waves came throbbing to my ear. I looked to find their source. I stood alone; The one who uttered them unseen had gone, Or, if remaining still, was all concealed, Or wore a form to mortals unrevealed.

I heard no more the voice of lofty cheer, Vainly sweet echoes in our atmosphere; There rose, instead, a wall of woe, so deep That all the air about me seemed to weep, And sob, and groan, as if it could not keep The burden of its grief. So deep, so wild, That every fitful sob or sigh that came From the crushed soul, seemed like a furnace flame That poured a molten flood down my lyre, And touched it with Compassion's whitening fire. I listened to the plaint, and then, ah, then, For the first time, a spiritual ken Seemed given to me, by which all haunts of men Were clearly seen. Through cities, towns and street,

Where'er the human life-tides part and meet, I ranged at will, and saw all that is seen By those who make the solemn night a screen To hide the deeds they'd blush to own by day. I saw in every house what shadows play; I heard each heart-chord's melancholy lay; But oh! the saddest, deepest strains that rose, From all the dreary scenes of human woes That greeted me amid the abodes of men, Came from a lone, heart-broken Magdalen; Yet was there mingled with it trust in God, And meek submission to his withering rod, And calm forgiveness, even love for those Whose wrongs had brimmed her life-cup with deep woes.

The tale, I'm sure, is true, though there are none To prove it so, both actors being gone; Yet 'twas not told to me by any one, Nor read in any book beneath the sun, But it did come to me, as rivers run Toward the ocean, or as thoughts are born, And things are seen that happened ere our morn. Oh, blackest stain by cruel Paracapun, 'Tis thus the story of her life began:

## THE ANGEL OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.

In one of our late battles, amid the leaden storm, And where the strife raged fiercest, was seen a woman's form.

That came and went with fleetness throughout our falling ranks,

Where the shot and shell were flying, from the centre to the flanks.

With a high and lofty bearing, with a firm and haughty tread,

As if fearless of the danger as those already dead, She passed upon her mission, and the soldiers gave her way,

Each questioning as they saw her, "What does Mary here to-day?"

She spoke no word to any, but the little cup she bore,

And the canteen on her shoulder, with the tunic that she wore,

Showed that she was on duty, and ready to perform

A part in the dread drama, that awful battle-storm.

And she did it without flinching, she did it bravely, well,

For where'er a wounded soldier on the field of carnage fell,

There was she seen to linger, with a look of mild command,

Giving water to him freely from the cup within her hand.

When his fearful thirst was slackened, she would leave him and pass on,

To bless some other hero whose work was almost done.

For three days in succession, mid the fearful battle-storm,

Bearing comfort to the dying, was seen this woman's form;

Yet those who saw and knew her read not the purpose high

That moved her heart to duty, and made her dare to die;

They had often seen her coming along the winding way

To the valley where their camp-fires sent forth a steady ray,

Then fitting like a shadow in the misty morning gray.

And they judged her with a judgment that may not have gained assent, As a being lost to pity, "a woman gone astray." Some said they'd seen her speaking to the Colonel in command,

And knew he gave her answer by the pressure of his hand.

And, judged by these slight tokens, they deemed that they might jest

Of one whose life's dark secret was hidden in her breast—

Whom they only knew as Mary, or as the Colonel's guest;

So they made of her the object of many a jibe, and jest.

Though the majesty of womanhood shone on her regal brow,

And she looked like one to worship in the homes where princes bow;

Though her cheeks were like the roses when they first begin to blow,

And her dark eyes blazed like diamonds, with a warm and steady glow;

Though her hair lay on her bosom with a rippling overflow,

While through its waving tresses shone a neck of purest snow—

Yet she, with her peerless beauty, and the soul-light looking through,

Was deemed fit theme for jesting, for the men had judged her so,

And the world looked on approving, while her sisters called her "low."

Yet for three days in succession, amid a leaden storm,

Where the battle raged the fiercest was seen this woman's form;

And many a lip she moistened, and many an eye-lid closed,

And all she left still living on softer beds reposed.

For some she made a pillow of the garments cast aside,

And for others stanching the flowing of their life's mysterious tide.

Thus passed she on, dispensing to all who needed care,

The blessings of a sister with a mild but queenly air,

Till the soldiers who had jested and jeered at her before,

Learned to look to her for comfort, and curled the lip no more.

On the third day of the battle, when a gallant Colonel fell,

Killed, as 'twas reported, by the bursting of a shell,

Close by his side, and fainting from a bleeding, ghastly wound,

With her hands in his clasped tightly, was this fearless woman found.

In grief the soldiers bore her to their camp-ground in the rear,

Spread a tent to give her shelter, and gently laid her there;

Then returned to do their duty in the fierce and deadly fray,

That lasted till the evening—till the evening dull and gray;

Then those who, living, sought her, found she'd flitted far away.

None knew where she had wandered, alone, as she had come;

Her noble mission ended, alone she flitted home;

And though many a grateful soldier, who from the battle came,

Sought with willing feet to find her, breathing blessings on the name

Of the brave and dauntless Mary, who was deemed a thing of shame;

Yet none of them e'er found her, for she never came again

To their camp-fires in the evening, or to the battle-plain.

So they thought, and it was rumored through the ranks, that she was dead,

And each soldier, at the hearing, bowed in reverence his head,

And some prayed that as she flitted to the shadowy land above,

She might meet the gallant Colonel, who they knew had won her love;

But none spoke of her with jesting, or in lightness breathed her name,

For 'twas sacred in their memories, though she was a thing of shame—

One whom the world had hunted and driven in scorn away

From every path of virtue where she sought to make her way—

Whom it frowned upon with coldness, as a "woman gone astray."

But she was not dead, as rumored; she lived to wander home,

Where a fair young child was watching in tears to see her come.

In one of the fairest cities of our fair and lovely land,

Where many stately churches in costly grandeur stand,

Within a lonely chamber, where all was dark and rude,

With scarce a ray of sunlight to cheer her solitude,

In fever wildly tossing upon a couch she lay;

And thus the pitying angels in sorrow heard her pray,

And thus to me was given the strangely mournful lay,

The drama, dark and fearful, of "a woman gone astray."

## THE MAGDALEN'S PRAYER.

Oh God! oh God! if one so vile as I, May dare to wait to heaven a prayerful sigh,

Hear me, in mercy hear my humble cry— Oh, speed the wings of Death, and let me die.

I am weary, oh how weary, Of a way so dark and dreary!

Take, oh take me from the mortal, From the dismal, dreary portal,

Of a life that's only mortal; Bear me to the shores immortal;

Nothing is there here but sadness, Nought endures but grief and sadness,

Joy is but a cheating madness, And the very name of gladness

Cast a shadow on my soul— Casts a spell upon my soul—

Dark and stern in its control, Till the griefs that I inherit,

All the grief that haunts my spirit, Black and baneful seem to grow;

Like the very grief of woe, Nought in death can be so dreary,

Nothing in the grave so dreary As the paths on earth we tread,

Calm and peaceful are the dead, Thorns beneath my feet are spread;

"Dust to dust," of them is said, Only shame of me is said,

Grief and shame to me are wed,

"I would be better were I dead, Oh, then, God of all death, Take from me this mortal breath, Open wide the gates of death!"

## THE VISION.

I hear the moan of waters rushing by; They sing to me of peace and liberty; Is thy ocean, oh Eternity? And am I drifting, drifting out to sea? Thank God for death, that soon will set me free!

I do not fear thee, Death; Thy cold and icy breath Would be a welcome, welcome guest to me!

I pine, I pine for rest, Yet sorrow still keeps tugging at my breast— Will it be still when I am gone to rest? Oh God! I know not; yet it must! it must!

Grief cannot torture the unconscious dust; And the soul's loftier powers of hope and trust, That in our youth of innocence and love

Reveal to us heaven's stars that gleam above, When free again must rise from out the dust, Leave all earth's marl-pits, and the cankered rust

That dims their brightness here, for God is just— Not man on earth, but God in heaven is just. Death may not bring forgetfulness of wrong,

Or change the burden of our mournful song To one of joy; but yet, 'e'en yet, I long, With a deep passion, fervent and yet strong,

To greet thy shades, and see earth's dreary scene, I need not fear thee, Death, though stern of



# SIXTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, Held at St. Charles, Ill., July 1 and 2, 1865.

[Reported for the Banner of Light by H. A. Jones.]

The Festival was called to order by S. H. Todd, Esq., Vice President of the Society.  
The following officers were elected, viz:  
Hon. S. S. Jones, President.  
S. H. Todd, Esq., Mrs. C. Bowen, and Mrs. M. J. Fuller, Vice Presidents.  
H. A. Jones, Esq., Secretary, and Lois Walsbrook, Assistant Secretary.

President Jones on taking the chair, said:  
*Ladies and Gentlemen, Brethren*—In accordance with the call of the Religio-Philosophical Society, located at this place, you have assembled from various parts of the Great North-West to participate in the intellectual, moral and spiritual exercises of the Sixth Annual Festival of this Society—a Society that was organized upon the broadest basis of the recognition of individual rights, of the freedom of thought, and the sovereignty of each human being to think, to speak and to act up to the highest light beaming into their inmost souls, without molestation or censure, so long as they do no violence to the rights of others.

This Society was the first to establish this Broad and Free Platform, and publish it to the world. A little more than five years have elapsed, and now hundreds of other societies have been organized upon the same broad and free platform, under the same articles of incorporation, many under the same name, and all the same staunch advocates and friends of human progress.

While recognizing the fact that man by nature is a religious being, we feel that a phase of religion that will not stand the test of philosophy and enlightened reason, is unworthy of the free-born minds of the last half of the nineteenth century. Holding that we are all children of a common Parent, who, through the kind care of Mother Nature, and the instrumentality of angelic messengers, ever holds the lowest, or least developed, as well as the highest of his children in his loving embrace, and provides impartially for their every want, and is continually bringing them to appreciate his unfeigned love for all, therefore it is our duty to receive all who desire to unite with us, on equal terms, and on equal and proved or performed, and for these reasons, no charges or complaints against members should ever be entertained, nor should members ever be suspended or expelled from membership. That as all things in nature are subject to change, and what appears to be truth and right to-day, may appear otherwise to-morrow, for these reasons, any person becoming a member of this society is, and should be, at liberty, at any time, to withdraw from it.

That again is a progressive being, and at all times acts in accordance with the internal forces of his own being and external surroundings, therefore it becomes the duty of every brother and sister to extend the hand of clarity to all, and use their utmost endeavors to unfold the higher faculties, and enlighten the mind of humanity, and especially of the erring, downtrodden and oppressed.

That as the most highly developed inhabitants of earth are intermediate between those angelic beings of expanded and sweeping intellects who have long since passed from earth, and now inhabit the Summer-Land of the higher life, and the lower races of humanity, who occupy the rudimentary planes of this sphere of existence and the angelic, tender their kindest offices to us, for our unfoldment in health, comfort, wisdom and happiness, so it is our duty to extend like loving care to our brethren and sisters, of every grade of life, for their unfoldment in health, comfort, wisdom and happiness.

That to err is human, and that "no man liveth, and sinneth not," therefore it is the duty of man to encourage his fellow-man in well doing, and to chide and judge not, as an encumbered and unimpaired, and not censure and reproach. Resting upon and acting up to these few fundamental principles, we believe we present a spectacle worthy the admiration of all philanthropists throughout the world, and the approval of the angelic hosts of the higher spheres of the summer-land.

The inauguration of these principles, as a basis of action, was the shadowing of a new era in the annals of the world. Violence, and the power of timid souls who could conceive of no higher principles for Spiritualists to be governed by than the revamping of some old sectarian formula. But the true philosopher and clear thinker has boldly said, Give us a system of religion that will stand the test of science, or none at all. Let individual rights, in matters of faith, be deemed sacred; and let no body of men and women presume to prescribe articles of faith for individuals.

Let all who can conscientiously unite in the great work of human progress, and with equal freedom withdraw from fellowship whenever it may become their pleasure so to do.  
These principles have but to be presented to the free-born soul who is divested of all sectarian trammels, to be appreciated and loved. They are such as meet the approval of the angelic hosts, and such principles as are taught to earth's children on their entrance into the spirit-world. These principles soften the human heart, and elevate all in the scale of humanity.

There is a natural repugnance in the minds of reformers, to the formation of organizations, and timidity that causes us to hesitate, and prefer no form of organization, for fear that any form that may be presented may partake of old Church formulas, so far as to, in some degree, impose burdens and restrictions upon the rights of individuals.

This is a wise caution. No one dreads—ay, utterly abhors all such burthens and restrictions more than your speaker. The articles of organization—which constitute the basis of this organization—have been wisely guarded against any such timidity. In any particular, to ever infringe upon the individual rights of its members, either in faith or otherwise. It is these features that have induced so many Spiritualists in the different parts of the country to adopt and organize under them. It is a combination of individuals for the purpose of inaugurating and conducting facilities for intellectual, moral, social and spiritual growth upon philosophical and scientific principles, thus giving a basis of character that shall be free from all sectarian influences, and spontaneous outgrowth of man's religious nature, untrammelled by preconceived opinions of bigots, or the blind credulity of over-zealous adherents to theological systems of faith. We present a broad and free platform to the world, and invite all classes and phases of faith to come on to it and compare notes, knowing that truth is mighty, and will stand the closest scrutiny.

Our broad and free platform all reforms, all systems of faith that are calculated for man's unfoldment in truth and goodness, has a fair and full hearing; and the devotees of any and all systems are entitled to a fair and candid hearing, without censure or reproach.

Never was there a time in the world's history, when such a free platform was so loudly called for as at the present time. The first nation in general intelligence on the face of the globe has just passed through the trying struggle which has demonstrated that man is capable of self-government. The founders of this Republic, by divine inspiration, proclaimed that great truth, but it has ever been denied by the aristocrats of the old world, and in practice by the same class at home. What has been demonstrated, in the terrible struggle our beloved country has just passed through, must now be carried into actual practice; and it becomes all reformers to unite their energies in diffusing light and knowledge among the masses, and see to it that all are protected in the rights of free thought, free speech, and free action. Let us be founded by our fathers, and now reestablished and purified by the blood of our sons. "In union there is strength." Let us reformers of every grade and phase of faith unite with the angelic hosts of the higher spheres, and do our whole duty at this critical hour. Let us present a broad and free platform that shall hold sacred, and dispense to each and every human being the same rights and privileges claimed by ourselves. Let us bear aloft the standard of equal rights for all. Let us disseminate light and knowledge throughout the world. Let us extend the hand of charity to the downtrodden, and oppressed everywhere, and let our motto be, "The unfoldment and elevation of human character now and forever."

E. V. Wilson took the floor, and spoke of the spread of Spiritualism in the South, and the opening there presented for speakers, but remarking, "they would find it a hard road to travel."

In Conference, he was followed by Dr. Morrison, of McHenry, Ill. He spoke of the influence of progress of the human soul, with some personal remarks, to the effect that he was now before the public as a speaker, &c.

He was followed by Lois Walsbrook, who alluded to the difference it makes in public estimation, whether a Spiritualist run away with another man's wife, and should a Methodist or Baptist do the same.

Mrs. Teft, of Elgin, Ill., gave some touching personal experience and progress in her faith. Mr. Dayton, of Quincy, took the floor, who said, "What if the world does misrepresent us—what of it? I have seen both sides of society—the high and the low; and in the next world have I clairvoyantly seen the lowly poor become guardians to the higher class. Little do we know for what we are being prepared in the world beyond."

Conference adjourned till 3 o'clock P. M. Then opening in Conference.

Dr. Coonley called attention to one of the various phases of Spiritualism, namely, that of healing persons at a distance, relating several remarkable instances of this power in his own experience; and said, further, that his power was greater in some localities than in others. At one locality, Tyrone, Penn., he said this power to a wonderful extent; also, at Hannibal, Mo.

Rev. J. O. Barrett, of Eau Claire, Wis., took the floor, and spoke on the Reconstruction of the Church, saying that there were certain phases of Spiritualism with which he was in sympathy, and that he looked upon Spiritualism as a disintegrating power, but that he thought the time had come when all reformers of whatever name could act together; that we needed a grand Eclectic Church, so to speak. That he had been writing to many reformatory speakers to engage them in the same enterprise, and that they proposed to hold a Convention at Beaver Dam, Wis., the 18th of July, and that he wished Spiritualists to represent Swedenborgians, and all other liberal elements.

E. V. Wilson then spoke, favoring disintegration until all superstitious veneration for the past was broken down, and people could look upon the Bible as upon any other book; declaring himself still an iconoclast, and that there was work still for the iconoclast to do.

Dr. Morrison said that geology proved that disintegration and organization go hand in hand. He was followed by Mrs. Parker, who spoke in the Elective Franchise for Woman, as the foundation of all future guarantees of rights, and alluded to the fact that the tyrannical Government of Austria had been before Republican America in the granting of this right to women.

Mrs. Parker was followed by Dr. Underhill, who said, "I am glad to see you all," &c., talking in his good, fatherly way for some minutes. Then speaking of the Doctrine of the Trinity, said, "There is nothing so absurd as this killing one God to satisfy the cravings of another, and failing to do it then—and both Gods one at the same time."

He was followed by Mrs. Dr. Stillman, of White-water, Wis., who, in reply to Mrs. Parker, ridiculed the idea of women going to the polls in a fashionable dress; who, while she was in favor of woman's voting, claimed that the reform dress must be adopted as a precedent movement; that the great demand of the age was health. If women compress the chest so as to press out their very life, would they not vote if fashion said so for a very bad measure? If a man marries now-a-days, he must marry a wife, doctor, apothecary's shop, and two or three Irish girls. Health affects the morals of a community. If a child is sick it soon is irritable, cross and unamiable. Religion should be practical enough to affect our every day life. As for me, I would not sacrifice one principle to save any cause. A cause that dare not express its own principles is not worth saving."

Mr. Dayton said, "I am here for and against organization; I hold that liberty and illiberalism cannot work together; and an organization that strives to combine the two would go to pieces of itself."

Lois Walsbrook said—speaking of the reform dress, "I believe every individual should wear that dress that they feel most at home in. I have all the opposition which my spirit feels strong enough to bear." She continued her remarks at some length, illustrating her idea.

E. V. Wilson spoke in opposition to organization. Dr. Morrison spoke in favor of organization for business and educational purposes, incorporating nothing in the form of a creed.

Dr. Underhill said the Quakers became a numerous people without any organization among them, even for business purposes. "I will tell you, friends, in a hundred years from now, with an organization, we will be a powerful sect, but we will have done a thousand times more good than if we had not organized."

Next, a recitation by Mrs. Coonley: "Wishing," by John G. Saxe.

Dr. Coonley asked: "Why should the Spiritualism of the past be venerated if the Spiritualism of to-day be ridiculed?" and further, that "man was an epitome of all things below him in the universe, and the question was how he should be developed so as to bring out only the higher qualities, and keep the low and the mean away from him." Mrs. A. Jones, of Sycamore, Ill., spoke on organization, saying that the truths of Spiritualism could not be monopolized, and would, in time, be incorporated into the churches; and that, if we organized, it would only be as leaders; that this did not necessitate the dropping of any organization we had in the present, as the Religio-Philosophical Society or any similar organization."

He was followed by a recitation by Mrs. Coonley: "This world is worthy better men," by Gerald Massey.

The meeting was then adjourned till half past seven o'clock in the evening.

The regular lecture of the evening was by E. V. Wilson who said: "As I was passing up the street I heard a lady say: 'He is one of these Spiritualists, and let me tell you, I think it is all of the Devil!' Friends, I shall take this for my text, or rather the subject of Diabolism, or things devilish. Diabolism, in every age, has been the great cry to stifle free human effort. The same cry was raised against Daniel and all the wise men of old, and Christ's greatest works were said to be done by the Devil. But when Christians came into power, under Constantine, lo! presto changed! every thing that opposed Christianity was diabolism. The Church now became the greatest enemy of human progress. The Church it was who persecuted Galileo. Now came Faust with his printing-press; it was diabolism; the Church was for demolishing it. Again, when Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, it was diabolism; and when Jenner introduced the principle of vaccination, the issue said: 'This is the work of the Devil; do not have anything to do with this cow-matter; it is from the Devil!' He went on to show in his own powerful manner, that every step of human progress had been met with this same cry of diabolism; and the good Book showed that the Devil circumvented God by getting the wholesale business of the world and leaving God the retail—taking ninety-nine souls and giving God the one hundredth."

Adjourned till half past eight o'clock Sunday morning.

The Conference was opened Sunday morning by Mrs. Porter, Muskegon, Mich.

He was followed by Dr. Underhill, subject: "Moonshine." The doctor remarked that "it is said people sleeping with moonshine falling on their eyes are subject to blindness and distortion. Now I love the moonshine; it is beautiful, but still it has no warmth, and I turn toward the sunshine for health and strength. Now, friends, the whole theological world is sleeping with the moonshine falling directly upon their spiritual eyes, and they know not it. What is moonshine? Why, it is reflected light. And is not old theology all reflected light? And lights reflected from a sun whose rays fall so obliquely that it is like moonshine in winter. And still we are told that we must depend upon this moonshine for spiritual light and warmth, even when the sun of inspiration is pouring its vivifying rays upon us. Talk of reflected inspiration as a dependence! Why, people would laugh should you talk of the sun of moonlight, after the sun had risen. The lights of moonlight then went on with practical illustrations in various ways.

Mrs. Parker then gave an essay on the "Utility of Spiritualism," claiming that we were all mediums in a certain sense, and that we should be aware of manifesting the spirit of evil propensities

in every day life. Her essay abounded in useful hints, telling us "to recognize truth and humanity which had so long been crucified between the common law and theology."

She was followed by Dr. Morrison, who commenced by saying that we had too much Religion and not enough common sense. The Dr. spoke at considerable length, beautifully illustrating the subject of spiritual development by examples of scientific truth and kindred subjects. Mrs. Dr. Stillman claimed that one great reason why we should strive for healthy conditions in this life is the fact that the spirit retains its diseased conditions even after entering the other life, that many persons are rendered diseased by such spirits throwing their diseased magnetism upon them, through the laws of sympathetic attraction; and the treatment that would be beneficial for such persons would be beneficial for the spirit, and that this is so whether you are what is called a medium or not. The same principle applies to the moral as well as the physical condition of the spirit. That the fashions of the day were a prolific source of disease. That every muscle in a woman's body was constrained by her dress. That this was a National calamity, and of so much importance it should not be treated lightly. She said that one objection urged by those ignorant of facts, was, that questionable characters had sometimes worn this dress.

Recitation by Mrs. Coonley, "Barbara Frietsch," by J. G. Whitier, delivered with much pathos and power, and elicited much applause.

Next a trance lecture by Dr. Coonley. "The inquiry for the last eighteen hundred years has been, what shall I do to be saved?" to which the influence replied, from what we as a people, ought to be saved. But space forbids extracts as we would desire.

Original Poem—"Our Coming Battle Fields," by Mrs. Harvey A. Jones.

The Convention was then adjourned till 1 1/2 P. M., by the President, who announced that there would be a marriage ceremony during the afternoon session of the Convention.

The Convention reopened at 2 1/2 o'clock P. M., by a spirited recitation by Mrs. Lois Walsbrook, of one of Lizzie Doten's poems, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown of Chicago, took the stand, and in an address preparatory to the ceremony about to be performed, delivered a severe invective against the so-called, or false, marriages of the day; especially against those parents who sell their daughters, or those who sell themselves for money, a home, or position of any kind; she spoke earnestly in favor of true marriage, and said she would "keep courting, keep loving. No man should call himself a married man, who does not treat his wife as kindly as when he first married her."

The marriage ceremony was in substance as follows: "Join your right hands. By the linking of hands we infer that your hearts are already linked, and you only ask a public recognition of the marriage already registered in heaven, and now by the authority vested in me by the laws of the State of Illinois, I pronounce you married. May wisdom, true love, and divine harmony be and abide with you to-day, tomorrow and forever."

Mrs. Dr. Potts was the next speaker. She said "woman, not knowing herself, knows not how to seek the right qualities in a man necessary to make her a good husband." She gave a general dissertation on subjects of reform, and gave tobacco and tobacco use a some special hard hits.

Dr. Underhill said, "I have been studying Spiritualism for the last eighteen years, and begin to have a desire to see our doctrines carried out." He went on to say that "human existence was educational," and illustrated his views of practical and theoretical education combined, with considerable force.

Then followed a recitation by Mrs. Coonley—the Convention then adjourned till 6 1/2 o'clock, in the evening.

The Evening Conference opened with remarks by Father Underhill, which brought tears from many eyes. Lois Walsbrook followed with an original poem, written, years ago, on "Grey Heads with Young Hearts."

Dr. Morrison then spoke, followed by E. V. Wilson with the regular lecture on the subject of "God in the History of America"—and as he went on tracing out the finger-marks of the Almighty in the struggle of the last few years—I hardly know whether to call him a battleaxe in the hands of God, or whose guidance he so clearly demonstrated in the Destiny of this Nation, or a Thunderbolt sent with the lightnings of inspiration to demolish the strong holds of conservative error.

HARVEY A. JONES, Sec'y.  
LOIS WALSBROOK, Asst. Sec'y.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## MY SPIRIT-BRIDE.

BY J. BOMBER, JR.

My loved one's voice, I hear it still  
Its pathos echoes in my ear,  
Like music of the greenwood's rill,  
From sight concealed, yet murmuring near!  
Onward that stream my lonely wend,  
Till lost in mead, in glen, or sea,  
Yet Echo may some tidings lend,  
As Love brings back her love to me!

My darling's smile beams sweetly yet—  
Ne'er shall I see its like again!  
Time cannot teach me to forget,  
Nor worldly smile its fondness wane!  
Ah! like pale Luna's liquid sheen,  
Its brightness cheers my way along  
Life's path, though strewn with cypress green,  
And bids my aching heart be strong!

Her spirit-form still lingers near!  
I feel her angel-presence now!  
Her loving soul and sigh I hear,  
As Memory wakes Love's whispered vow.  
"We went together to the door  
Of our sweet home that is to be,  
But, knocking, she went in before,  
To put on marriage robes for me!"

I saw her brave the silent stream,  
That laves our home beyond the grave;  
I saw the waters round her gleam—  
In vain my arm was raised to save!  
A heavenly smile illumed her brow,  
For angels bright were by her side,  
And loving words she spoke, but oh!  
Her voice was lost in th' rushing tide!

In shady glen by Charon's stream,  
In beauty blooms a flower for me,  
Whose fragrance cheers my waking dreams,  
Like tidings sweet from o'er the sea!  
Truth's whispered words from Spirit-Land,  
Affection tolls—"No ill betides  
The lily that so peerless stands—  
Thy loved, thy lost, thy Spirit-Bride!"

I should not sigh nor shed the tear,  
Since death was her own precious gain,  
And one more angel bright is near,  
To guide me o'er Life's stormy main!  
But being mortal, I am sad—  
I would be gay, if so I might—  
For she was all I had,  
My life, my love, my heart's delight!

"Whom love the gods, die young" in years!  
Too pure to dwell on sinful earth,  
They journey on to brighter spheres,  
Just as we learn to know their worth!  
My darling, safe on Spirit-Strand,  
From pain and sorrow ever free,  
An angel in an Angel-Land,  
Now loves, and prays, and waits for me!

Then hasten round thy wheels, O Time!  
And bring to me the welcome day,  
When I shall greet my Bride Divine,  
And Love shall slay his endless lay!  
"It is weary work to wait so long,  
Though true love knows not how to doubt;  
God's wisdom fashions seeming wrong,  
That we may find right meanings out."  
St. Albans, Vt., 1865.

## Remarks of Dr. A. B. Child at the Spiritualists' Picnic in Abington.

Sacrifices are as lawful now as they were in the past. They are natural and incident to all earthly life. They must be; and if they are not given by man's willingness, they will be taken by spiritual power.

In the order of nature the time has come for man to more distinctly recognize the power of the invisible over the visible world, and sacrifices are to the end of this recognition.

Nature pulsates. Life ebbs and flows, comes forth, untrammelled, and recedes again—blossoms, bears fruit and dies. Life is given, life is taken. Want and have, receive and give, make the respiration of man's spiritual life. Earthly wants inspire; give is expiration.

The breathings of man spiritually are as involuntary as his breathings physically. Man has received must be given. All that he has received must be sacrificed, whether it be done willingly or unwillingly.

All that man has received in his earthly life is the gift of the unseen world. Every blessing earthly is the gift of the spiritual world.

It is the right of man to know the power, to recognize the hand that gives him all he has, that guides him, that leads him, that blesses him. It is ingratitude to turn away, to scoff and scorn upon our benefactor, when they speak to us, though they are unseen.

The time is speedily coming when every one who has opposed, scorned, reviled and persecuted spiritual communion will be brought to the altar of sacrifice; will suffer sorrow, regret, affliction. It is in the ordinance of the natural world. Not in the sense of revenge, will afflictions come upon those who have warred against the intercourse between man and angels; but it will come as a demand of nature. It will be a bitter cup, but necessary remedy for the present sickly morals and religions of men. It is in the power of the spiritual world to make any poor man rich in one day—to make any rich man poor in one day—to make a well man sick in a moment of time, or make a sick man well—to take life or to continue it—to make woe in the human heart or joy and gladness there.

Conscience flags wherever matter runs. He who bats the lighted angels with earthly blows to stop their utterances shall get the blows severely on his own. But not in vengeance. He who strikes an angel by reviling, must be stricken—stricken in the schooling for his manhood where by alone he is made to learn to leave off striking. It is futile for man to war with spirit—it is like the war of shadows with sunshine—it is the sun that makes them both. The sunlight turns the shadows, and the shadow never turns the sun.

Imminent and inevitable dangers to earthly prosperity hang over all opposition to spiritual communion. Mark well, and you will soon see that the destruction of property, of health, even physical life will follow close upon the heels and overtake all the obstinate, persistent warriors, against sin and the devil—all the military of the church militant—all who revile and scoff, and say all manner of things falsely against Spiritualism—against sin, sects, and men, and not their own. Disasters on sea and land, fires, accidents, diseases, and early deaths will fall thick and fast and heavy, to harrow the peace and happiness of every bosom that is persistently turned with opposition and bitterness against this holy influx that comes down from heaven to earth to tell us the uses of sin and sorrow; to tell us of the realities of the world from whence man gets all his blessings; to tell him of the world from whence he came, and whether he is going.

As there are one faithful and devoted Spiritualist who has not offered all the sacrifices of all earthly glories, and suffered the earthly degradation and agony that a man must suffer to be a follower of Christ? How large are the sacrifices, voluntary and involuntary, that every true Spiritualist has laid down before the altar of the spiritual world? What terrible ordeals every well tried Spiritualist has passed through to wear out their doubting and unbelief to learn to trust not in what is seen, but in what is unseen? Who has been a Spiritualist ten years without passing the ordeals of ten crucifixions?

It is the opposition of Spiritualists to the demands of spirits that makes their sorrows. It is war with what man calls evil that makes hell. Poor sufferers of stormy days, of stormy weeks and months and years, all that are in the school of Spiritualism, all who have given faithful attention to the pleading voices of the spiritual world. With aching hearts and aching heads, with sore feet and tired limbs they have gone on and on, and on, hoping and doubting, against the tide of popularity, to hear the voice of God that speaks to man through angels. And "blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake," the sake of the voice of God made manifest through Christ. In the past, and the voice of God made manifest man's name.

Ay, more than blessed are ye, for a new era is beginning; a new religion is coming; a new day of morals is dawning; a new road for human progress is making; it is the road that the tolling hands of Spiritualism have graded, over lowlands and through highlands, over the swamps of humility and the mountains of pride. It is a straight road; it is a level road; it is a grand highway for all humanity; it is the road to glory. Then take courage and be comforted. Let us weary for the work of Spiritualism is the work of well-doing. Relax no effort—seek to change no purpose in this great design, for it must make a revolution in the morals and religions of men that shall be a signal epoch in the history of the world's future, for the world's happiness. Be not downcast and disheartened at the obloquy and scorn of the multitude, nor the severity of the Church, nor the enmity of friends, nor the opposition or bitterness of relatives.

In Spiritualism learn first the usefulness of sin, and thank God for the woe it brings and for the death of all physical glory and goodness which are the wages of sin. Bear with manly and womanly fortitude, the surging elements of the world, that dash against this rock and disturb the conscious feeling of your finer being. Stand unmoved, in silence, like the rock of truth on which you stand, and let the turbulent waters dash and break, and be comforted. Let us weary for the foundation is a rock on which a superstructure shall ere long be reared, which the storms may beat against and it will not fall, for it is spiritual and divine, not earthly.

When your inner life is harrowed up with new consciousness and its inevitable sorrow, with new thought and its inevitable anguish, when you are in agony from causes and effects—invisible workings that you cannot see and understand—the religious think of the Garden of Gethsemane, the cup of bitterness; learn compassion for human woe, sympathy for men and for women everywhere who are suffering; learn the power of the certain hand of destiny that holds you for future good; and feel the passive beauty and reality that is superior to all earthly suffering, in the words, "Thy will, O God, not mine, be done." Then beneath you lies the funeral pile of selfishness, and all your reason, will, and from its ashes come new flowers of truth, the aroma which makes the saint and sinner, too, kneel in admiration and love for the character of Christ, for our ideal manhood. The agonies of the Garden of Gethsemane must be passed by every one before man comes to the development of his manhood. No man can be a Christian till he has suffered the sufferings of Christ, borne the obloquy, scorn and degradation that he bore, and stopped all was with sin. If it needs be, be resigned to the worst that can be. Tread over every inch of the Garden of Gethsemane, and drink all its bitter cups to the dregs. If it must be, be ragged, hungry, homeless, weary, sick, forsaken. If it must be, be dishonored, scorned, displaced—learn the lessons that make man's manhood. Christ is the vine and ye are the branches.

These bitter cups are given man to drink only to make his willingness to drink them—only to make him capable of the willing powers of the spiritual world—to the will of God. And it is sacrifices—bitter cups—that lead men on to this development. Did man see the hand of God, of goodness, everywhere, in everything—did man have perfect trust in the guidance of the angel-world, he would not need the curse of sacrifices; he would not need to drink the bitter cups of life to make him see and trust God, where now he only sees and doubts the Devil. When man shall trust in God and follow Christ he shall be blessed without measure. When he shall rest no evil, believe in everything without doubting, when he shall bless the curse, and learn to love the murderer, when his charity shall comprehend all beliefs, and over all sins, he shall be saved from all sacrifices, he shall be fanned by the breezes of prosperity and rocked in the cradle of peace and plenty.

## ANNIVERSARY MEETING

In Commemoration of the First Public Lecture by Miss A. W. Sprague, at South Reading, Vermont.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

Through the efficient energy of Mr. D. P. Wilder, a meeting of Spiritualists, and the friends of the honored and lamented Miss Sprague was held to celebrate her first effort as a pioneer lecturer, at the same place where, eleven years ago this 15th day of July, she stood to proclaim the truth of the New Dispensation of Spiritual Truth.

The morning was cloudy, foreboding a rain; but a goodly audience assembled, and the services commenced at 10 o'clock A. M.

Mr. D. P. Wilder, one of the earliest and most zealous of the pioneers of this great cause, through whose agency Miss Sprague was first introduced to the public, and who has ever since sacrificed time and means without stint to advance the cause, was chosen Chairman, and opened the exercises with remarks befitting the occasion. An hour was spent in Conference.

Mrs. Townsend spoke of the event we had met to commemorate, and paid a fitting eulogy to the worth of her worthy collaborator, whose memory is now enshrined in the hearts of thousands who had listened with rapture to the glowing eloquence that flowed from her inspired tongue and pen, and who had felt the genial warmth of her generous nature in the charmed social circle. She then briefly reviewed the progress of her mission in the last eleven years, and related to some of the many great truths it has unfolded and inculcated.

Mrs. Horton followed, expressing her great pleasure in being present to participate in the events of an occasion commemorative of the career of a noble woman, whom she dearly loved while a mortal, and whose character she has learned to appreciate more fully and love more deeply since she has felt her spiritual presence and influence. She believed the poet's language,

"None knew her but to love,"

None named her but to praise."

was especially applicable to Miss Sprague; but while she would venerate her high worth, she would love more the great and glorious truths of which Acha was so able an exponent. She would have this occasion a social, joyous one, not a sad one. Let the noble thoughts, which the associations of the day inspire, flow forth and vivify through every soul, rousing all the noble deeds and brave endeavors to advance the cause of human weal, and to cultivate all the virtues that exalt manhood and womanhood.

Mr. Charles Walker, one of the earliest friends and sustainers of Miss Sprague, paid a warm tribute of regard to her memory, saying that he loved the noble sentiments which she uttered, but her noble soul more. She was his *beau ideal* of womanhood.

After Mr. Walker's remarks, the Choir sang, then the regular exercises commenced with a prayer by Miss B. C. Pelton, after which Mrs. Horton gave the morning lecture. She commenced by saying, "To date the advent of Spiritualism upon the earth would be a difficult task, but to specify the time of its first appearance in Reading, we have but to revert to the event of which this is the eleventh anniversary. It had long lived in the rocks and hills, but Miss Sprague first poured forth its glorious truths in human language. The seed then sown has brought forth many fold, and the next eleven years will witness more than a hundred fold growth. Acha was a brave pioneer in the great work of human freedom, but the mighty power that flowed from her lips was from above, and it has rolled on till it has encompassed the world. Those who once heard her voice tuned to the music of the spheres, hear it still, and she repeats the significant words, 'I still live.' Let the words ring through every valley and resound from shore to shore, they are expressive of immortal life. The speaker briefly alluded to the reception of Miss Sprague when she made her *debut* in this place, and to the opinion many of her hearers entertained, that Spiritualism was but the chimera of brains like hers, disordered by disease, which would soon pass away like an idle dream, &c.; but it still lives, and its gigantic strides have been on, far transcending the expectations of the most sanguine reformers who then received it."

We should commemorate this day by the expression of noble thoughts, and by resolutions to consecrate our lives anew to the great work which our sister left in our hands. Profiting by the experiences of the eleven and seventeen years since the *debut* of our sister and of this glorious faith, we should be better men and women, and labor more willingly and efficiently in the great philanthropic mission which she began, and honor her memory by consecration of our souls to the same great work, and by labors of love in behalf of humanity.

The lecture closed with a poem, evidently dictated by Miss Sprague, and was followed by a song through Miss Pelton, also inspired by her. After an intermission of half an hour, the meeting was again called to order, and Conference ensued.

Mr. E. B. Holden, of North Clarendon, Vt., who has recently been developed as a good speaking and healing medium, commenced speaking in an unknown tongue, which was succeeded by appropriate remarks upon the object of Modern Spiritualism, the results it has accomplished, and the great progress it has made in changing the ideas of the age, &c., and closed by an allusion to the career of our departed sister, who is still with us in spirit.

Mr. Newman Weeks, of Rutland, followed with some very felicitous and appropriate remarks upon the object of this convention, saying that he had great things that we had met not only to pay a tribute of respect and love to a noble woman, but to catch inspiration from the associations of this place, to be like her—faithful workers for universal good and truth.

The Secretary then followed with a few remarks.

Dr. W. W. Russell, of Rutland—who has become a very efficient and successful healing



course, which was replete with great and startling truths, of which the above is a very meagre report, the Chairman requested the Secretary to read one of Miss Sprague's published poems, entitled, "Let the Saints be glad in Heaven."

After singing by the choir, the Chairman announced that the occasion would again be celebrated, at the same place, when the next 30th of July comes on Sunday.

The occasion was somewhat solemn, on account of the associations connected with it, yet it was a happy one to the many illumined souls, who felt the baptismal shower of inspiration that filled them with a flood of light; and all went forth with nobler purposes, and higher aspirations for purity and truth.

The venerable mother of Miss Sprague was present, and tears of joy, not of sorrow, trickled down her furrowed cheeks, as she listened to the glowing words of filial affection which her sainted daughter dedicated to cheer her on her pilgrimage to the beautiful Summer-Land, where she will soon greet her in her beatified abode!

Ah! who would not believe in the sublime and beautiful philosophy that robs Death of its terrors, and transmutes the sorrow of bereaved hearts into joy, and changes hope into glad fruition!

All the exercises of the day passed off with eclat; and but for the rain which fell rapidly at the close of the meeting, as well as during its session—making it unpleasant for many to return home—nothing occurred to mar the pleasure which all experienced.

DEAN CLARK, Secretary.

Rutland, Vt., July 17th, 1865.

#### To Lecturers and Societies.

Through the Banner I wish to say that there is a field for a speaker in Northern New York, where the labor could be distributed in a few towns, or as extensively as they please. But a radius of ten or fifteen miles would give liberal support to a speaker and his family. Here is a large society, unorganized except by the original organizer, whose heart is in the greatest of all causes—the soul's progress; wealth, adequate, and liberal minds to use it. Several transient speakers, such as Clark, Chase, Toolsey, Miller, Madams M. A. C. Brown, S. L. Chappell, A. C. Burt, have spent some months in particular localities—many angels sustain them—and have all made their mark. But there appears to be a demand for a settled religious teacher for some time; one whose religion embraced all the science and politics they can successfully use, and if adapted to the society in general, may do an untold amount of good. I have spent over twenty years exclusively in this work. Eleven years in the town where I now reside—the last ten, independent of the Church; without leaders, stewards, organization, or begging; laboring hard, sometimes through sunshine and sometimes through shade, resolved on breaking some of the chains which bind humanity to the past; for which, for years, I made me very restless. I was not always qualified to make every one understand me, especially those who did not care to. At first, I was opposed to a hostile clergy and laity, who, equally enslaved themselves, supposed there could be no present inspiration, no truths, but those given in the far past to the fathers. But ideas are changing; the work has progressed; mediums have sprung up where least expected, until we have nearly every phase of mediumship common with the rest of the world; and it is due to the enlightening influence of the well-timed and saving Banner, I will give all information to speakers in my power, if they will write to me. Test mediums, whose hearts are in the work, will find liberal helpers.

I have been conscious for a long time that a secret power beyond my control or the proclivity of my nature, has been urging me to leave home and all, for the purpose of extending the area of my labors for humanity. Now if the friends would make for me appointments, any where near the thoroughfare from Rome, N. Y., to St. Paul, Minn., and write me, leaving it up to me to fix the time, as best I can, they will do me a great favor, and I will try to meet their anticipation (if not too high), and can make the best of my time and accomplish more. I am willing to go anywhere, but do not feel able to bear the expense far off from the through route. I intend—nothing forlorn—to start in August, or the first of September. I don't know as I have any "axe to grind," creed to defend, or organization to build, or any peculiar views to promulgate, but simply to give to the world what God has and is giving to me, through his own agencies, for the good of souls, leaving each one to make the best of what I have for them.

REV. JAMES FRANCIS.

Parisville, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

#### Letter from Dr. Child of Philadelphia.

Brother Dyott and myself went down to Hammon, N. J., on Sunday, the 23d of July, which, though not a "land flowing with milk and honey," is a place where fruits and berries and substantial realities are abundant—including live men, women and children who are determined to do something for the cause of humanity.

I talked to the people in the morning, on the Condition of the Country, and Mr. Dyott and Mr. Gleason, of our city, assisted in the exercises of the New Lyceum in the afternoon. They have a very interesting class of about thirty children. The school is organized under the conductorship of Dr. C. W. Howard, with Mrs. Samson as guardian of groups, and Mrs. Dr. Bowles as musical director, with an able and efficient corps of leaders, and good teachers, who are working in a very satisfactory manner, and all parties seem to be deeply interested in this new and important movement, by which our children are to be saved from many of the evils which the old Sunday School system engendered in the way of false teachings. They have commenced a library, and have already nearly one hundred volumes.

By the way, I understand that some of the Church people are beginning to entertain Mr. Davis's thunder, and are having Saturday-evening meetings for their Sunday School Children to march with flags and banners, and be trained in gymnastics. I say God-speed to them for all the good they can do.

On Sunday morning I visited the grave where we laid Mrs. Fish's remains, and plucked a small oak leaf from a tree that waved over it in silence. In the afternoon I called upon Mrs. Harris, an elderly lady, who was an excellent metaphysical medium; without saying anything to her about it, I handed her the oak leaf, with a request that she should lay it against her forehead and tell me what were her impressions. She said: "I should say it gives me glimpses of the beautiful world—the future toward which we are approaching. Yes, oh, yes, brother, I can now soar from world to world. My flight is not obstructed; my gaze is never weary; my hope of knowledge is boundless for that which I shall obtain will be such. This earth is beautiful; I have borne the green leaf so fair and lovely; but I wish not again to be an occupant, a dweller confined to that earthly casement which I have vacated. No! no! I can come to you now, but not with that poor form. Go on, brother! Raise up the down-trodden, extend thy broad charity until the whole material universe is illumined. Cease not, but ever be active, remembering that the law of compensation is immutable and ever sure."

Those who know Mrs. F., will think this very characteristic of her.

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

#### Verification of a Spirit-Message.

DEAR BANNER—I was happily surprised to see a letter from my little son, Willie Short, (published in your paper of July 1st.) His father, Mr. Levi Short, did go to Johnson's Island, on Government business, about eight weeks before he died. I do not doubt but what he saw Mr. Thompson; if so, and the letter meets his eye, I hope he will speak for himself.

I thank little Willie for his dear letter; it is very consoling to me. He was but seven years and twenty-eight days old when he died, and has been in the spirit world fifteen years. Levi Short, his father, has been in the spirit-world only nineteen months. Charlotte was deaf and dumb. She was past twenty-three years old, and has been dead eight. I am not acquainted with any person in Boston, so, if I wrote at all, I had to direct this to the Banner of Light. Respectfully yours,

ADELIA B. SHORT.

Buffalo, N. Y., July 10, 1865.

It matters not how selfish a man may be; there is something in him which tells him that the selfishness he sees in others is contemptible.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL, LONDON, ENGLAND.

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## Banner of Light.

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WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine inspiration in man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to the religion of all with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

#### Children's Sunday Lyceum.

When the recent Convention of Spiritualists was held in Boston, one of the leading topics of discussion, if not the leading one indeed, was the education of the youthful mind in views and sentiments quite the opposite of those of old style Orthodoxy. The conviction was as general as it was profound, that an impetuous necessity existed for freeing the minds of the young of this generation from those cramping and confining influences which have made so many people unhappy through their lives, not to say bigots and pharisees. It was thought desirable to take some step toward stopping the business of spiritual starvation which had been so long carried on with such fatal success, and beginning a process of refreshing and recuperation. The depressing influence of the creed which, with unparalleled presumption, styles itself Orthodox, was commented on with great freedom by the speakers who took part in the debates of the Convention, and without exception it was resolved and declared necessary to bestir ourselves as a body of liberal and enlightened religionists to offset such an influence by efforts in an entirely opposite direction.

The first step suggested, therefore, as the most appropriate to be taken, was the organization by the Spiritualists everywhere of Sunday School Lyceums for the proper instruction of children. This has always proved a powerful instrument in the hands of Orthodoxy, and we may take the hint even from those whose deleterious influence over the mind we seek to supplant with a more generous and liberal one. Our efforts should be concentrated on the Sunday School. There the twig is bent, and the tree inclines over after in the same direction. There the plastic young mind receives the impressions of truth, which last as long as life itself. It may not, in generous hands, be the work of early proselytism, as it is in the hands of bigots and ecclesiastics; yet it deserves to be prosecuted with all the zeal and fervor of those whose aims begin and end with proselytism itself.

Here in Boston, for example, the work has come to a head; and although the machinery is not yet in working order, it has been all put together and only waits to be set in motion by the master's hand. A Children's Sunday Lyceum has been duly organized, officers have been chosen, teachers for the different classes have been enthusiastically volunteered their services, and the one practical thing wanting is a proper hall in which to hold the regular Sunday meeting. That will of course be supplied as soon as the funds needed to defray the expense of such a hall are all contributed. Fortunately happens, too, that a manual for the moral and physical instruction of children, according to the belief and conviction of Spiritualists, has been recently prepared, under the title of "The Children's Progressive Lyceum," A. J. Davis being its author and compiler, which is saying all that is required. With this little manual, teachers can at once enter upon their work, and very soon feel repaid in the religious proficiency and growth of the young minds which come under their care.

We can do no less than to urge this very important matter upon the attention of Spiritualists in all parts of the country. To spread the truth of our beautiful and satisfying philosophy, no more effective way can be designed than to drop the seed into minds all prepared to receive it. Let the work be begun, then, at once.

Speaking of the denuding influences of creeds, and their cramping and encrusting power over the human soul, John Stuart Mill, the great writer on Political Economy, remarks in his essay on Liberty: "We often hear the teachers of all creeds lamenting the difficulty of keeping up in the minds of believers a lively apprehension of the truth which they nominally recognize, so that it may penetrate the feelings, and acquire a real mastery over the conduct. No such difficulty is complained of while the creed is still fighting for its existence; but when it has come to be a hereditary creed, and to be received passively, not actively—when the mind is no longer compelled, in the same degree as at first, to exercise its vital powers on the questions which its belief presents to it, there is a progressive tendency to forget all of the belief except the formulas, or to give it a dull and torpid assent, as if accepting it on trust dispensed with the necessity of realizing it in consciousness, or testing it by personal experience; until it almost ceases to connect itself at all with the inner life of the human being. There are seen cases, so frequent in this age of the world as almost to form the majority, in which the creed remains as it were outside the mind, encrusting and petrifying it against all other influences addressed to the higher parts of our nature; manifesting its power by not suffering any fresh and living conviction to get in, but itself doing nothing for the mind or heart, except standing sentinel over them to keep them vacant."

A more graphic sketch of the influence of creeds over the human mind, and indeed over the whole being, could hardly be drawn.

#### The English Elections.

From accounts thus far received, the elections in England, which have been taking place for a new parliament, are in favor of the Palmerston party and the Liberals. For convenience' sake, the latter consent to be classified with the former. The main point of discussion has been, in fact, the charge that the Palmerston ministry has been too liberal. But that is by no means the Bright and Cobden party, to which belong, also, such men as Forster, Gladstone, Tom Hughes, and others of like character. The Tories now call themselves Conservatives, yet they are as narrow and bigoted as ever, and would never yield a title to the popular demand except on compulsion. The leaders in English politics are very old men, and must soon give place to younger ones. The Reform principle is to be the leading one in English politics for some time to come.

#### Emma Hardinge.

The very name of this lady is synonymous with all that is lofty and generous in religious faith, all that is beautiful and even heroic in individual effort, and all that is beautiful and exemplary in private life and practice. She is too well known as a lecturer on the great mysteries and profound truths of the Spiritual Philosophy to require any particular introduction to the public of the United States. Wherever she has spoken to popular audiences, if she has not succeeded in enlarging their views and deepening their religious convictions, she has never failed to excite their astonishment and admiration. The powers of mind and the facility of expression which her superior intelligence have employed through her remarkable organization, are truly rare, and calculated to work with wonderful effect upon the popular mind. She has been summoned by those intelligences to undertake some remarkable tasks, and has never flinched from their performance. No one of either sex is ordinarily called on for greater service in the world; and none of the extraordinary calls were ever more remarkable than hers.

It is not within the privilege of our present restricted limits to enter upon a recital of her work. She came from England to this country ten years ago to perform that work, and she returns this week to her native land with a satisfying consciousness that it has not all been in vain. Few, in truth, are privileged to enjoy such signal successes as hers have been. She returns to England, not for rest in the midst of her mission, but to continue the labors to which she has so steadily devoted herself here. She will carry over with her the same religious zeal and fervor for her special work, the same ceaseless resolution to perform it faithfully, the same rare abilities for spreading the blessed truths of Spiritualism among the common people and the poor, and the same true inspiration that has given her so much power since she has been among us. She goes, in fact, a self-appointed missionary on behalf of Spiritualism to the people of Europe. Angels have given her their commission and ordination, and will go with her to keep her and advance her work.

When the Banner needed friends, we never forgot that Emma Hardinge came forward valiantly to aid our labors for the cause of humanity, and has continued them without intermission till the present day. For this we thank her on our own behalf, but chiefly on behalf of the tens of thousands who, we have good reason to believe, are consoled and enriched in their lives this day by the results of these very labors of ours. She has been a generous contributor to our circle-fund and our bread-fund, neglecting no opportunity or appeal, however simple or humble, to spread the gospel of Spiritualism among those who had never heard of it before.

Her own Valedictory statement has already appeared in our columns, and we trust it has been thoughtfully and gratefully perused by all readers of the Banner. It was a production such as no one but Emma Hardinge had either the experience or the capacity to write for a wide circle of sympathetic and admiring readers. To that we would refer all who would be freshly informed of her public career for the last ten years. It will repay more than a single perusal.

And now nothing remains for us but to extend to her the sincere farewell, just on the eve of her sailing, which is still unspoken on the tongue. In that farewell wish, too, those tens of thousands throughout the country who have listened in silent gratefulness to her teachings and inspirations; will readily join. She departs from our shores with the hearty God-speed of every soul that knows her. Surely no parting could be more welcome to any one about to trust herself to the uncertainties of the deep. She carries the public heart with her on her voyage, which boats and brims with wishes for her successful labor in the Old World fields, and for her safe and happy return when she shall feel that her mission abroad has been accomplished. They will give her the popular reception in Europe which she deserves, and her work there will prove remarkably successful. The time is come for us to send back our best missionary to Europe, and we dispatch Emma Hardinge.

Angels attend upon her going, and bring her safe back to us in the full ripeness of the time when she should return!

#### The City School Festival.

The public schools of Boston having closed their regular year, the usual festival was given the assembled children in Music Hall, on Tuesday afternoon last, attracting a vast concourse of spectators. Speeches appropriate to the occasion were made by the Mayor, Richard H. Dana, Mr. Burroughs, Mr. Phillips, Wendell Phillips, and others; the speech of Mr. Phillips being the best of the whole, and the very best that could possibly be made before a mixed multitude of school children. It was full of life, sparkle, points, and aptness. We have seen nothing so excellent in many a day. Boys and girls who had the rare fortune to sit and listen to good talk like that, may congratulate themselves on having something to remember for their life-time.

The thoughts of all went back very naturally, during the exercises, to the revered Benjamin Franklin—the man who did more for the public schools of Boston, by precept and example, than any other who ever dwelt here. His medal, which he established with a fund of his own leaving, is regularly bestowed on deserving young scholars every year, and is an object of general aspiration among the pupils. By his counsel he gave a start to the cause of popular education in our midst which few other men could have given. More than all, he taught us that intelligence was for common, rather than for occasional use, and that when a man was educated, he possessed more power and influence than when he was ignorant. His policy was to popularize learning of all sorts, to bring home its treasures to the use and appreciation of all. His name will therefore be held in remembrance while one stone stands upon another in any of the schoolhouses of the Boston where he accomplished so much.

#### Crime.

There is far more crime practiced all over the country than good citizens like to think of. The returned soldiers are by no means responsible for more than their share of it; yet they too often forget what belongs to the character which they have earned as honored defenders of their country's institutions. Liquor generally lies at the bottom of the trouble, and that should therefore be avoided by our veterans as their worst enemy—far worse to them personally than the most virulent rebel who ever drew his place to kill them outright. We may expect more than the usual number of crimes in the summer, too; there is an influence in the weather that more surely tends to generate them than that proceeding from frosty airs. We hope, however, that the carnival may soon come to an end, and relieve newspapers of their horrible reports.

#### Demonology and Spiritualism.

The World's Crisis (Second Advent) is assiduous in its endeavors to convince its readers that none but demons communicate with mortals; and that, per consequence, modern Spiritualism is the work of the arch fiend himself. Many other credulities hold to the same opinion, and are endeavoring to impress upon their followers the dangerous tendencies of the Spiritual Philosophy. Nothing is further from the truth than these bald assertions. Rev. J. B. Ferguson, who lately delivered a course of lectures in London upon Spiritualism, handles this subject in a cogent and incontrovertible manner, showing that the demon theory inculcated by modern credulities is without the least foundation in fact, and proving conclusively to all rational, thinking minds that the gulf between the two worlds which old Theology has for so many long years striven to impress upon its proselytes as impassable, has been bridged, and that the dead departed can and do return and communicate with their loved ones in the earth-life. He says:

The idea that unclean and wicked spirits alone communicate, robs the sacred dead of their rights, and it is with the relinements of fear that now weep over the evidences of its perversity. It makes the mother that bore you, and the father that perilled his life for your good, as some mighty Gorgon, or hundred-eyed Argus, to watch your frailties, and the frailties of your kind, that your hopes may be lost, and your ruin irrevocable! It sunder the nearest and dearest ties that bind you to your kind, and leaves you as a blot on the page of a fair and glorious creation, to descend the paternity of God with the malice of fabled fiends. Indeed, you may speak of fabled gorgons, hydras, devils, and malicious pythons, but neither Nature nor the chronicled imagery of ages can furnish an emblem that can even faintly portray the ignorance and superstition of such a thought. Look at it upon the acknowledged and repeated premises of the religious creeds around you. Christ received spiritual communication from the transformed Moses and Elias—were He and they wicked and unclean spirits?

I have made you, in this discourse, numerous references to communications, &c., from angels, found as the most interesting portions of a Book you regard as infallible—are they from wicked or unclean spirits? Do you not see that this objection to Spiritualism would make every prophet, apostle, and even Christ himself, colleagues of wicked and unclean spirits, for the deception of the world? To what miserable shifts are not the opponents of the God-given privilege of spirit-communication driven, when its last resort is made to shelter itself in such refutatory and contradictory absurdities. Rest assured it is no mean proof of the Divine Providence that guards, guides, and so wonderfully carries forward this glorious movement, that neither reason, nor rational Scriptural interpretation can be arrayed against it without shocking every attainment of the intellect—every cherished achievement of the learned, every stronghold of superstition and tyrannical systems of ages of darkness. It would make Spiritualism—the birthright of heaven to man—the bugbear to frighten cowering scepticism, that has already too long suffered its soul to be hid in some safely napkin. It would throw us back amidst the labyrinthine of time, to be lost in the dusty path whose illusions have already quite stifled the celestial choruses in many hearts. It would make us despise as false, as every form of tyranny and oppression, the noblest and truest of all—the privilege of the heart of a common though varied humanity. It would elevate the scintillations of droppings of another day above the consciousness you have of your being in God, and all the blissful evidences of His unmeasured care, as seen faintly but promisingly in the triumphs of your science and art. It would dwell with rapture upon a Belshazzar's feast to renew the kindred forebodings of its own approaching fall; or find another Witch of Endor to break the response of a sainted Samuel, to still the sorrows now felt as the Providence of God, but which too clearly indicates that the Theology of Devilism is "weighed in the balances and found wanting." Too long, already, has the monotonous roar of the thunder of eternal wrong, in a universe created in eternal and unchangeable right, mingling with the widow's tear and the orphan's cry, as they fall prostrate before a power that casts them down as they accuse it; they seek the comfort the hypocrisy of the preacher cannot give, in the sympathy of angels making melody in their deceived and sorrowing hearts. It would make humanity lifeless, and rob it of its only boon that elevates it above the brute.

And the men whose stipends depend upon the perpetuation of this unclean idea, tell you we are Infidels! Infidelity to believe in one God, Father, Friend, Guide, Life and Glory of us all—to behold One Universal, enrobed in beauty, engrained in order, interpreted with the life of God, and embodied in the response of all to the voice of God, and hold it up above all machinations of mistake, friends, sometimes thought to be enemies, and wave it over the fallen, the outcast, the down-trodden. Infidelity! to acknowledge the pointing of angel fingers to that sublime destiny that maketh the harmony, the everlasting harmony of the intelligent universe, whose sweet notes are now stealing of all the desolate chambers of sepulchral churches and crimsoned battle-fields, to win all that stern and vindictive, to hope and charity. Infidelity! to cast light upon every page of that Bible men so blindly reverence, and make its incidents, which you felt were dark, confused and contradictory, radiant with the light of a developing Providence. Infidelity! to deliver you from confused and contradictory ideas of God, of man, of human discipline and destiny. Infidelity! to bring man to acknowledge the law within as the impress of his God to be unfolded by angels in and out of the form, and bring him to think just as he feels rarely, and hope wisely, in the day that he has given to him, and with the generation in which he has his being and his responsibilities. Infidelity! to teach and illustrate what every father of the Church, every reformer of the world, the whole line of confessors, martyrs, scholars and religious philanthropists have acknowledged, lived and died to confirm; what every creed of any note acknowledged in its "communion of saints," and what the Bible teaches in almost every book of its history and its golden pages. Even now I feel that these hosts of holy men from their scathed thrones of purity and love, respond to my, even my feeble utterance of the faith, that God—One—His universe is endlessly related, and his every creature has his angel attendants to inspire him on, and to guide him toward his eternal destiny. They point us to the colossal spire of hope, that spans all time and enrobes the clouds of death and the depths of the grave, to soothe our every sorrow, and break the yoke of fleshly beginnings and earthly struggles with wisdom and love, to deliver us from the horrified evidences of ignorance and superstition that have secured every reproach of mankind that has sacrificed our rights as men, and made us earth to the nearest and dearest relations, both on earth and in heaven. They would have us stand free to receive our all, and remove the impediments that retard our progress to that beatitude that awaits all mortals. They breathe over us the atmosphere of love, chide us in sympathy for our misfortunes, and instill a thought that leads beyond the conflicting strife that seems no higher elevation than the prostration of its kind. They would disabuse our mind of its false constructions and misconceptions of man's greatest privilege. They would reveal the fear to be a man as the charnel-house of the soul, whose atmosphere has desecrated even this fair land with every species of strife, for forms and fables, that hide the light of one Eternal Parent and one glorious destiny to all the variegated children of His love.

No! I call no man Infidel, and repel the name with a determination that knows no fear and asks no favor; but with a common humanity should claim. We leave every man's faith in the guardianship of his own conscience and his God; our position fortunately cannot be mistaken. We associate together for mutual help, and not to establish an impudent espionage over freedom of thought and sentiment. We ask no man to believe in the sublime disclosures of the spirit-world; but we present them and their attendant confirmations, and leave all free to receive or reject, as they shall value their wants and hopes. If our faith be called Infidelity, we ask what is the faith of our opponents, with the own confessions before the world? And while we make a common cause, humanity the basis of sympathy and help, we

would be judged by our own conduct, private and public.

We not only believe in the ministry of angels, but believe that its existence and advantages are demonstrable to all who candidly seek and willingly choose the responsibilities that seeking incurs. And we hail it as the hope of humanity and the dawn of its brightest day. The suspicious and the unthinking may recoil the cry of madness and infidelity, as they did of the Holy Nazarene; but the intelligence from the spiritual-world will spread, deeper and by the aid of every obstacle vainly placed in its way. It will not be arrayed against any truth, either in the laws of physics or of mind. It will not desecrate any known principle; but it will teach the world that truth is immutable, and no weapon formed against it can prosper. And as it moves forward in steady but certain strides, it will carry with it a liberality of sentiment, a freedom of soul, and a beneficence of action that will awaken a host of minds to its heavenly and harmonizing teaching, and at last lead us all to a holy triumph.

#### The Colleges.

This is "the era of College commencements. A vast deal of pedantic lingo is got off in connection with them, and many pleasant memories of years gone by are revived and enjoyed again. The College system in this country, however, admits of too many establishments altogether. They are too thick and too insignificant. As this is the age of cooperation in all things, a better University might be sustained here and there with marked success than all the small Colleges put together will ever make in the world. The object of education should be to liberalize, to enlarge, to discipline, to do thoroughly, to afford every possible facility; and this cannot always be done where teachers are few and insufficiently educated for their work. Only at a properly regulated and generously endowed University can science be learned as it ought to be and can be; the little Colleges can do no more than teach the text-books from memory. We need better things in this advancing age.

#### The Atlantic Cable.

Wind and weather permitting, the hither end of the new submarine cable will be passed up from under the sea and touch the shores of this continent, some time during the first week in August. It is a grand undertaking, one to whose successful carrying out all hearts are drawn in sympathy, and from the results of which uncounted blessings are expected to flow to the whole human family. The preparations for this second laying of the Atlantic cable have been made with much care and regardless of expense, with the determination that there should be no failure if human foresight could avail to prevent it. By the time our readers are fairly through this paragraph, they may begin to expect to hear tidings of the approach of the fleet to our shores. It will be greeted with the heartiest of welcomes.

#### Maximilian.

The fortunes of this would be Mexican ruler appear to be growing worse and worse. The Pope treats him with coolness, and is reported to have excommunicated him from the church. His army in Mexico, divided into three columns, has been beaten by the rising liberals of that republic, and compelled to make their retreat where they could. The case for him, just now, therefore, appears to be a rather critical one. He cannot very well go ahead much further, and to retreat is equally fatal to his safety. Napoleon cannot feel strongly inclined to help him out of his difficulty, for Napoleon is not so sure of how such friendship would now be received by the United States. It is altogether probable that the attempt to establish an European monarchy on the ruins of our sister republic is an entire failure.

#### "Judge not, lest Ye be Judged."

The great feature of Spiritualism is, to put a stop to the almost universal condemnation now existing between man and man. A broader, a grander charity must prevail, even among Spiritualists themselves, ere our glorious scientific religion will become potent for good. Surely those who are continually boiling over with condemnation of their fellows, will be obliged to go through a terrible schooling, ere they arrive at the haven of peace and harmony. We are all children of the Father; and whosoever condemneth one of His children also condemneth Him.

#### Emma Hardinge's Lectures in New York.

Miss Hardinge has been lecturing in Hope Chapel, New York, for the last six or eight weeks, to crowded and sometimes crammed houses, notwithstanding the very hot weather. The people everywhere would be glad to listen to her eloquent inspirational discourses again before she leaves for Europe. But that cannot be, as she has engaged passage in the steamer which leaves New York on Saturday next.

#### "Voices of the Morning."

Belle Bush's poems are appreciated all over the country. The Cincinnati Times, in alluding to her new volume recently issued, says, "The author of this neat little volume is already familiarly known to our readers for her many effusions in Western journals, some of which have appeared in our own columns. The work she now gives to the public will well repay perusal from beginning to end. There is not a line in it but is of a higher order than that generally known as newspaper poetry."

#### "Haunted Houses."

Some of the aristocratic residences in New York city are said to be haunted. There is nothing strange in this. The inhabitants of the spirit-world can enter the dwellings of the rich, and make themselves heard; or they can visit the dwellings of the poor, who have no fear of spirits. These visitations are of common occurrence in the residences of our mediums, who speak of the manifestations as they would of any other commonplace affair.

#### The Davenport.

The Brothers have been unable to obtain a permit from the French Authorities to give public sances in France. They have, therefore, decided on giving a series of private sances, at their own cost, at Mr. Guppy's Chateau Genevilliers, after which they talk of returning to America. We hope, however, says the London Spiritual Magazine, they will not cross the Atlantic without giving a few more sances in London.

#### Dr. U. Clark's Free Meetings.

In the absence of other public Sunday meetings in this city, visitors and friends are reminded that the Sunday morning meetings continue at Dr. U. Clark's Health Institute. The large, cool and airy parlors are filled, at every service, with genial and intelligent souls seeking celestial communion, and the music and other exercises are always harmonious and inspiring.

We shall publish in our next, an essay from the pen of Hudson Tuttle, Esq., entitled, "CATHOLICISM AND SPIRITUALISM."



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## THOUGHTS AND THEORIES.

BY J. M. PEEBLES.

DEAR BANNER—

For the hour—the day hour—  
Of falling light and fading flower—  
Hefting time for social converse with you  
And your thousands of readers. Richly do I enjoy the  
gray and the calm of twilight. The day's bustle  
ended; the sun goes to illumine other portions of  
earth; the moon climbing eastern skies, and the  
stars coming out from stellar homes, ever the glad  
messengers of soft-footed evening hours, eloquent  
in their silence, and musical with the principles  
of immutable law, though voiceless as Eternity's  
night. 'Tis the season for musings, for review-  
ing those life-experiences that loom up and spread  
themselves before us like transparent seas, into  
which, gazing, we may see the coral and gems of  
childhood glittering at the bottom—just above,  
gold fish, darting hither and thither, seemingly  
purposeless, yet eluding the grasp—then floating  
upon the surface, are the chips, sea-grass, and  
driftwood of restless, youthful ambitions; while  
near in the distance may be seen steamers vari-  
ously freighted, but all tempest-tossed and wave-  
lashed, now ascending, then descending, strikingly  
symbolizing life's uneven voyage.

And yet law—infinite law—encompasses and governs  
all; souls, like stars, being the subjects of destiny.  
Above every ocean-storm the sun shines, as under  
all frosts and snows are the hidden flowers of  
June. 'Tis the roughest seas that make the most  
skillful mariners; and so is it suffering, coupled  
with aspiration and effort, that best disciplines  
and perfects human character.

## MEDIUMS.

Harp touched by angel-fingers—sensitive in-  
struments, psychologically affected by every pass-  
ing breath, yet faithful mediators between this  
and the spirit-realms of existence, and through  
whom we derive all our objective knowledge of  
immortality—*I pity you!* Often are you non-  
appreciated, because not understood; called un-  
stable, because the negative subjects of influences  
visible and invisible; considered whimsical, be-  
cause sympathetically affected by others' condi-  
tions, and sensitive because highly susceptible to  
magnetic and electric emanations from a thou-  
sand sources. True, you are individualities, and  
responsible. Make no scapegoats, then, of your  
spirit-guides. Claim and take the consequences  
of your own acts. As a personal law, like attracts  
like. There must be a corresponding element  
within, or a deep sympathy could not exist be-  
tween the controlled and the controlling power.  
Chains cannot be attached to the limbs of lim-  
less persons, nor doors be suspended from and  
swing where there are no hinges. He "that hath  
seen me, hath seen the Father," said Jesus. That  
is, those who have listened to my inspirations,  
and seen my life-deeds of love and benevolence,  
have seen the manifestations of my immortal  
Spirit-Guide. There is a brighter and more ap-  
preciative day about dawning for mediums. Let  
them be of good cheer, then, feeling conscious of  
this general principle; those that respect them-  
selves will be respected; those that let others  
business alone, and faithfully attend to their own,  
will find plenty of legitimate and profitable busi-  
ness to occupy their time; and such as conduct  
themselves in a way to inspire confidence, will  
secure the confidence of all communities, and be  
blessed with abundant prosperity.

CAN SPIRITS PASS WALLS WITHOUT DISORGA-

## NIZING?

Few question the fact. All spirits with whom  
I have conversed, that have been long enough in  
the summer-land to acquaint themselves with the  
laws and conditions of that existence, affirm that  
they can pass through walls, doors, &c., with the  
celerity that light seemingly passes and repasses  
panes of glass. It is admitted that two substances  
cannot occupy the same space at the same time;  
and further, that a spirit of given form, passing  
a portion of door of the same size and form, there  
must be a displacement of particles. But must the  
displacement be with the positive or negative  
—the superior or inferior? Certainly the inferior,  
which would be the porous particles composing  
the door. Every particle of said door is constant-  
ly undergoing the process of change, and no two  
particles thereof ever meet; while each particle  
that the physical eye can see, probably contains  
thousands that it cannot see. What vague con-  
ceptions multitudes have of the almost infinite re-  
finement of the spiritual body! Prof. Leuwen-  
hoeck tells us that *mould* is a forest, with beau-  
tiful trees, branches, leaves, flowers, and discern-  
ible fruit. He also informs us that animated or-  
ganized insects may be seen with the microscope,  
of which twenty-seven millions would only be equal  
to a mite. And yet what relation do these insects  
bear to the ethereality of spirit substances? Let  
me further illustrate by electricity. Prof. J. B.  
Dois said, a few years since, and a recent Ger-  
man writer reaffirms, that it would take some four  
million particles of our atmosphere to make a  
speck as large as the smallest visible grain of  
sand; and yet electricity is estimated to be more  
than seven hundred thousand times finer than  
air. Magnetism, inconceivably subtle and rare-  
fied, is considered to be many thousands times  
more refined than electricity; while spirit is doubt-  
less millions of times more sublimated still. And  
yet 'tis asked how spirits can pass walls without  
disorganization! With more propriety ask how a  
mortal, without disorganizing, can pass banks of  
fog, or smoky strata of atmospheres. 'Tis a  
strange notion, this disorganizing and organizing  
of spirits—making and unmaking themselves at  
will! The inmost God-principle is the central  
life; the magnet; the sun of the spiritual body,  
and holds this spiritual body to it as an entity, or  
wholeness, by a law, if possible, more fixed and  
eternal than the magnet holds to itself particles  
of steel.

## THE CHILDREN'S LYCEUM PICNIC.

A few days since, the children, leaders, officers,  
and friends interested in the Progressive Lyceum  
of our city, had a gala-day by the shores of a  
beautiful lake not far distant. It was heaven to  
the children. Oh, how important the establish-  
ment and energetic support of these Lyceums, in-  
augurated first in the spheres, and secondly by  
Bro. A. J. Davis. The exercises consisted of mu-  
sic, speaking, silver-chain recitations, gymnastic  
exercises, and sporting generally. The opening  
address was by the Conductor, Mr. A. S. Johnson,  
a young man, by the way, of fine physique, supe-  
rior moral worth, and great intellectual promise.  
This youth, yet in his "teens," can hardly fail of  
reaching some lofty altitude in the temple of  
Fame. Our congregation, as a token of apprecia-  
tion for his services, presented him with a purse  
of money and an elegant gold ring, to which he  
replied in a neat and finished speech.

## A VOICE TO THE RICH.

I have the personal acquaintance of several  
Spiritualists, who, during a few years, in the oil  
regions, Government speculations, and other en-  
terprises, have become wealthy; and with hardly  
an exception, this increase of wealth has seem-  
ingly intensified in them a selfishness, a shrewdness,  
a penuriousness, and often absolute stinginess. Soon,  
however, they will pass from earth, leaving behind

memories to rot! John J. Astor, returns from  
spirit-life, and says, "Better—it would have been  
better for me had I been a beggar, pleading for  
crumbs in the streets, than to have been wealthy  
as I was, using it as I did." Isaac T. Hopper, who  
died "owing nothing and owing nothing," re-  
turns an angel of love and wisdom, with garments  
all glittering and golden, symbols of inward  
peace and purity. Still the rich increase their treas-  
ures for the love of them—speculations dazzle—  
houses and lots multiply. So the work goes on;  
the stupid world wondering with envy, and the  
miserly man chuckling over bonds and mortgages,  
deeds, bank-certificates and coupons, till a splen-  
dently tapestried death-bed, a magnificent funeral,  
and direct descent to hell, close the scene. I use  
the term hell in no theological sense, but as the  
necessary condition of earth's sowing.

The chemistry of death no more makes a saint  
of an angular, sordid miser, than the transplanting  
of a dolt from a mud-hovel into college-halls  
makes him instantaneously a classical scholar.  
I know the songs of the rich—"we must lay up  
for our children." If your children have brains  
they can lay up for themselves; and if they have  
none," said an American author, "what you lay up  
for them will be of no service to them."

Lincoln was a rail-splitter; Johnson a tailor;  
Gen. Grant a tanner. It is reported that Carlyle  
once said, "The rich aristocratic English bring  
down and curse the world with a brood of nine-  
month-poops, and then belittle themselves and rob their  
neighbors to gild them with respectability."

How much good the wealthy might do were  
they so disposed. There are destitute young men  
and ladies to be educated; industrial schools to  
be endowed; liberal papers to be sustained, and  
the poor to be clothed and fed. "Giving is living."

## THE CONTRAST.

Residing in this city is a man in comfortable  
circumstances, who, seeing a young man strug-  
gling with a determined perseverance to support  
his feeble parents and educate himself by a clerk-  
ship in one of our mercantile establishments, in-  
quired of him,

"What salary do you receive per year?"  
"Six hundred dollars," was the reply.  
"I will make you a present of that amount if  
you will leave the store and attend school a year,  
thus the better fitting you for future usefulness."

It astonished the youth, who has not yet seen  
his first score of years. He however accepted the  
generous offer, and has already commenced his  
studies; a sure prophecy of scholarly attainments,  
and manifold blessings to humanity. It delights  
me to hold up such acts of generosity to a world's  
gaze. They speak the true divinity and grandeur  
of human nature when baptized from on high.  
I should like to mention this brother's name, and  
would, had he not forbidden me so doing. Suffice  
it, that he is a reformer, a practical Spiritualist,  
and worthy son of a Quaker speaker, who passed  
from our midst a few years since to the sunlit  
isles of God. Grant the law of give and re-  
ceive, and glorious the wealth of compensation! It  
is impossible to give a dollar for a good purpose,  
but that spiritual gains come through back;  
impossible to give garments to the poor, without  
shining threads being woven into our immortal  
vestures; impossible to impart beautiful truths,  
without diviner ideas being infused, enriching  
our spiritual natures; or breathe a kind word  
even, without angel-music being wafted down  
into our immortal souls.

I. FARNSWORTH, AND SEALED LETTERS.  
Admitting the necessity of physical manifesta-  
tions for those wholly absorbed in the objective  
world, as I see wisdom in Jacob "wrestling" with  
an angel, and Paul being "felled to the earth,"  
seeing also the higher uses to interiorly unfolded  
minds of such more spiritualized manifestations  
as the trance, clairvoyance, and inspiration; nev-  
ertheless, as a method of communication, I have  
been exceedingly successful in getting "sealed  
letters" answered by those who roam the sum-  
mer lands of Heaven.

Meditating awhile since upon the culture and  
civilization of Egypt, India, and China, long be-  
fore the Hebrews were enslaved by Egyptian  
Sovereigns, and feeling the frequent presence of  
an ancient spirit brother, I wrote him through  
that excellent spirit-scribe, Bro. Farnsworth, re-  
ceiving a most satisfactory answer. Say not he  
read mine clairvoyantly. I know better! I have  
sat with and seen these mediums answer sealed  
letters; and hence, when skeptics say they read  
them clairvoyantly, I squarely say, *it is false*,  
utterly false! Moreover, if Bro. F. had read  
mine clairvoyantly, then broken the seal and  
read it with his physical eyes, he could not have  
answered it, for it referred to the submerged Isle  
of Atlantis, spoken of by Plato, Ovid, and Egyp-  
tian Priests; to the Caucasian Hindoos; circles  
of civilization; the astronomical calculations of  
Chinese astronomers, with names and other mat-  
ters known only to myself. And then clairvoy-  
ance is not omniscient; while an admission of its  
existence is a tacit confession of the truth of Spir-  
itualism.

Bro. Farnsworth answered thousands of sealed  
letters last winter and spring in this city, Chicago,  
and the Western States, and so far as I have  
heard an opinion expressed, with perfect satis-  
faction.

Oh, thrice hallowed this mediatorial work; and  
beautiful the mission to be the means of convinc-  
ing skeptics; receiving advice from the heavenly  
world for mortals; and comforting mourners, by  
demonstrating immortality, and proving the iden-  
tity of loved ones gone before. May innumerable  
blessings rest upon him, and all other mediums  
who are thus faithfully doing the work of Evan-  
gelists, under the influences of spirits and the in-  
spiration of angels.

## NAMES.

These are of secondary consideration with those  
who occupy a sufficiently elevated plane to pierce  
beyond the external into the realms of the ideal  
and spiritual; still there are multitudes who are  
greatly influenced by names. They bow before  
some religious chieftain; or follow the popular  
current, never asking "what is truth?" It was so  
in the Nazarene's day. Jesus, a fine Jewish ges-  
toman, apertly organized, highly mediumistic  
and inspirational, became the centre of a new sys-  
tem of religion which spread rapidly, and those  
deficient in moral courage immediately raised  
the question, "Have any of the rulers . . .  
believed on him?" That is, have any of those  
denominated great men, embraced his doctrines?  
Human nature is the same in all ages. There are  
thousands of timid, time-serving, respectability-  
seeking souls, who, too cowardly to investigate  
and judge for themselves, inquire if any states-  
men, poets, or theologians are believers in Spir-  
itualism. I say it not boastfully, yet truthfully,  
that the most profound scholars, jurists, and meta-  
physicians, both of this country and Europe, either  
accept the facts of the phenomena or the prin-  
ciples of the spiritual philosophy. Of this, egoistic  
ignorance is not aware! The works of our ablest  
writers are all aglow with the teachings of Spir-  
itualism; and it is a notorious fact, that our most  
original thinkers and best authors lie under the  
odium of infidelity. Brave souls—they suffer the  
fate of all religious pioneers. Jesus in the first

century, Origen in the third, Bacon in the thir-  
teenth, Erasmus in the sixteenth, Priestly and  
Franklin in the eighteenth, Ballou and Theodore  
Parker within our remembrance—have all been  
stigmatized as Infidels! Sublimely grand is the  
constellation of infidels, all glittering with intel-  
lect, and golden with immortality. The essential  
principles of Christianity are beautiful; but I see  
not a gleam of them in evangelical churches.  
These are the angels of inspiration have left. They  
are but monuments of bones and shells of fashion,  
perishing with the superstitions they incited.  
They were well in their time, as were wooden  
plows; but the progressive builder is ahead,  
and construction is the watchword of the age.

Battle Creek, July 15, 1865.

Spiritualism in Western Louisiana  
and Eastern Texas.

DEAR BANNER—The ink-blot which greets you  
at the commencement of this letter, will testify to  
some of the difficulties that Uncle Sam's boys in  
blue experience in carrying on their correspond-  
ence. With their knees for a writing-desk, or per-  
chance a stray cracker-box or a board from some  
deserted plantation, supported by stakes hastily  
driven into the ground, and such writing mate-  
rials as they can pick up, the wonder is that they  
try to write at all.

But this introduction was entirely foreign to my  
intention when I sat down to write. Philo Hawley,  
formerly of Connecticut, clock maker, ex-  
Baptist, now a Spiritualist, is the subject of this  
letter. The second day after our arrival at camp,  
I was at the steamboat landing, Grand Ecore,  
(some two and a half miles from camp), and saw  
a gentleman I took to be about sixty-five years of  
age, who wore the badge of progression—a flow-  
ing beard and moustache of venerable gray. I  
shall not detail to you how easily I became ac-  
quainted with him, how soon I was invited to his  
humble home, and how frequently since I have  
enjoyed his hospitality, but proceed to give you a  
little of his experience, which, you know, is al-  
ways an exchangeable commodity with progress-  
ionists, proving, in many instances, of mutual  
value. To me, it is a striking evidence of the  
strength, beauty and adaptiveness of Spiritualism,  
to see an old man, a life-long member of a strict  
Orthodox church, become relieved of the chains  
and shackles he had so cheerfully drawn around  
him and continued to wear so long, and sitting  
the feet of angels, clothed in his right mind. And  
unless I am very much deceived, the recording  
angel has the germs of a mighty work passed over  
to the credit side of his ledger. But read and  
judge.

Mr. Hawley was a member of the Baptist church  
something like thirty-five years, and a deacon for  
thirty years. For the past seven or eight years he  
has been a Spiritualist, though not enjoying the  
privilege of circles or lectures, except to a very  
limited extent, while on business North. How he  
became a Spiritualist, or how he became an ex-  
church-member, can be easily imagined by the  
reader. The latter is a natural sequence of the  
former, which generally originates in a chain of  
trivial causes—at least trivial to the outside ob-  
server, of however great moment to the particu-  
lar. Mr. Hawley was in such circumstances,  
but a failure in business sent him South, where  
eventually he became a clock peddler, commencing  
on a small scale and working up, until at the  
commencement of the war he held notes to the  
amount of over twenty thousand dollars, besides  
a stock of clocks and other property. He has  
been selling clocks pretty much all the time since  
he became a Spiritualist. This is why I detail the  
above facts, to show the extent of his travels; for  
while going from house to house in pursuing his  
business, he has been preaching Spiritualism. Not  
at every house would he broach the subject, but  
to use his expression, "When he felt like it," and  
to use mine, "When he was impressed to do it."  
Can the amount of seed he has sown and good  
done be easily computed? I think not; and yet  
he seems to think lightly of it, and mourns that  
he is doing so little, that the spirits fail to make  
him a speaking medium, or an agent in some way  
of doing more for the cause. Spiritualism in his  
meat and drink. I was very much surprised and  
gladified, as your many readers will be, to learn  
that this field had been thus occupied, for the har-  
vest is great and the laborers few.

Although Mr. Hawley was a Union man, yet  
Gen. Banks's command, during the ill-starred Red  
River expedition, despoiled him of most of his  
earthly possessions; and they could not roll back  
of the precious boon of Spiritualism, or the fire it  
kindles in the soul, from which cometh peace,  
contentment, and a knowledge of life everlasting.  
Should any of your readers, in perusing this  
sketch, be moved upon to write to our isolated  
brother words of encouragement and cheer in his  
good work, I pray God they will not quench the  
spirit, but write at once, and hold up his hands as  
in the case of Moses of old.

Yours, &amp;c.,

BLUE COAT.

Natchitoches, La., 1865.

To the Spiritualists and Reformers of  
the United States and Canada the  
National Executive Committee send  
Greeting:

THE SECOND NATIONAL CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS will be held in the city of Philadelphia, Penn., commencing on Tuesday, the 17th of October, 1865, and continuing in session from day to day, till Saturday following.

Each local organization is requested to send one delegate, and one additional delegate for every fraction of fifty members.

This call extends to all classes of reformers, without reference to name or form of organization.

All Spiritualists and other Reformers through-  
out the world, are respectfully invited to send  
delegates to attend and participate in the discus-  
sions of the questions which may come before the  
Convention.

S. B. JONES, Chairman,  
F. L. WADSWORTH, Sec.,  
HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.,  
H. F. GARDNER, M. D.,  
M. F. SHUBY,  
SOPHONIA E. WARNER,  
MILLO O. MOYT,  
W. ARNOLD CHASE,  
SILVIA J. FINNEY,  
H. B. STORER,  
MARY F. DAVIS,  
A. M. SPENCE,  
M. M. DANIEL.

April 15, 1865.

## Vermont Convention.

The Spiritualists of Vermont will hold their  
twelfth Annual State Convention at Ludlow, Vt.,  
the last Friday, Saturday, and Sunday of August  
next, and cordially invite all Spiritualists and  
other reformers to meet with them. Warren Chase,  
Chas. A. Hayden, A. C. Simmons, M. B. Horton,  
Holden, Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Mrs. S. A. Horton,  
and other speakers are expected to be present.

Board and lodging at the hotel, one dollar per  
day.

The Vermont Central, and Rutland and Bur-  
lington Railroads will return members of the  
Convention free.

W. W. RUSSELL,  
THOS. MIDDLETON,  
D. P. WILDER,  
GEORGE DUTTON, Cor. Sec.,  
Rutland, Vt., July 7, 1865.

County Convention—Second Annual  
Grove Meeting.

The Spiritualists and Friends of Progress of  
Boone County, Ill., will hold their Second Annual  
Three Days Grove Meeting in Belvidere, com-  
mencing Friday, Sept. 1st, 1865. Speakers from  
abroad are expected to be present, among whom  
is Mrs. Emma Frances Jay Bullene, of Chicago.  
A cordial invitation is extended to all. Arrange-  
ments will be made to entertain those who come  
from a distance.

By order of Committee,  
H. B. DWELL,  
G. H. ELLIS,  
S. L. EVERT,  
W. M. WADSWORTH,  
HIRAM B. DWELL, Cor. Sec., Belvidere, Ill.

## Grove Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Bridgeport, Pa., will hold  
their Fifth Annual Grove Meeting, on Sunday,  
August 20th, in E. R. Beckwith's orchard, three  
miles south of Wellsburg Depot. Speaking at 10  
o'clock and 2 o'clock. A cordial invitation is  
extended to all friends of reform.

By order of the Committee.

## Spiritualists' Meeting in Grand Lodge.

The Spiritualists of Grand Lodge and vicinity,  
will hold a two days' meeting at Grand Lodge, on  
the 19th and 20th of August next. It is expected  
that Mrs. S. A. Parnall, Mrs. E. Martin, and Mr.  
Whipple, of Kalamazoo, will be present to address  
the meeting. The friends here will make pro-  
vision to accommodate those coming from a dis-  
tance. Come on, friends, and let us have a good  
time. Committee of Arrangements, F. Oliver, J.  
H. Brown, and H. B. Storer.

Grand Lodge, Mich., July 14th, 1865.

The Spiritualists and Friends of  
Progress.

Of South-eastern Indiana will hold their next  
Quarterly Meeting at Bro. Bond's Hall, Canby,  
Ind., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 25th,  
26th and 27th of August.

DR. J. L. BRAFFITT,  
SILAS SMALL,  
DR. COOPER,  
AGNES COOK,  
Committee.

## Yearly Meeting at Auburn Corners, O.

The friends of Spiritualism and human progress  
will hold their Yearly Meeting at Auburn Cor-  
ners, Genoa Co., O., Saturday and Sunday, Aug.  
12th and 13th, commencing at 10 A. M. Selden J.  
Finney and Hudson Tuttle are engaged as speak-  
ers. All are invited to attend. Accommodations  
will be provided for those coming from a distance.

Geo. Wm. Wilson, Cor. Sec.

Auburn, O., July 9, 1865.

A Grove Meeting of the Associate  
Friends of Progress.

The Spiritualists of Ypsilanti, Mich., and vicinity  
having organized under the above title, will hold  
their first Annual Meeting, August 23rd and 24th,  
three miles east and south of the city, near the  
Willow Run School House. Rev. Moses Hall,  
Mrs. F. W. Brown, and others are engaged. All are  
invited to attend. S. P. BALLARD, President.

## Grove Meeting.

The Spiritualists will hold a Grove Meeting east  
of Cicero Village, Vt., near John Haskell's, on  
Sunday, August 13th, at 10 o'clock. A general in-  
vitation is extended to all. J. H. Randall is en-  
gaged as one of the speakers.

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Religious Society, with vocal and instrumental sacred  
music, is held at Dr. U. Clark's Free Institute, 18 Chauncy  
street, Sundays, at 10 A. M. Free.

THE JESSE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every  
Sunday at 10 A. M. at 121 Blackstone street, corner of Han-  
over street. Lecture by Dr. Clark in the afternoon.

CHURCH—The Spiritualists of Chelsea have hired Library  
Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening  
from 7 to 9 o'clock. The children's Progressive Ly-  
ceum meets at noon. Speakers engaged—A. Hayden, Daniel  
Brigham during September; Charles A. Hayden during  
October; Mrs. M. F. Peabody during November; J. O. Fish during  
January.

FOXBORO, MASS.—Meetings in Town Hall. Speaker en-  
gaged—Miss Susie M. Johnson, Nov. 5 and 12. Meetings dur-  
ing the summer months at 1 P. M. and 5 P. M.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lyden  
Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time.

LOWELL, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee Street Church,  
forenoon and evening. The children's Progressive Ly-  
ceum meets at noon. Speakers engaged—A. Hayden, Daniel  
Brigham during September; Charles A. Hayden during  
October; Mrs. M. F. Peabody during November; J. O. Fish during  
January.

HAVERHILL, MASS.—The Spiritualists and liberal friends  
of Haverhill have organized, and hold regular meetings at Music  
Hall, every Sunday, forenoon and evening, in the Lyden  
Hall, during September.

WORCESTER, MASS.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall  
every Sunday afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged—  
A. Hayden, Daniel Brigham, Charles A. Hayden, Mrs. M. F. Peabody,  
during November; J. M. Peabody, Dec. 3 and 10.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Wey-  
bosset street, Sundays, afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7 P. M.  
Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday forenoon,  
at 10 A. M.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular  
meetings every Sunday, in Congress Hall, Clapp's Block,  
forenoon and evening. Free Conference in the Lyden  
Hall, during September. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock.  
Speakers engaged—A. Hayden, Daniel Brigham, Charles A. Hayden,  
during September; Charles A. Hayden, during October; Mrs. M. F. Peabody,  
during November; J. O. Fish during January.

OLD TOWN, ME.—The Spiritualists of Old Town, Bradley,  
Milford and Upper Stillwater hold regular meetings every Sun-  
day, afternoon and evening, in the Universalist Church.  
Speakers engaged—A. Hayden, Daniel Brigham, Charles A. Hayden,  
during September; Charles A. Hayden, during October; Mrs. M. F. Peabody,  
during November; J. O. Fish during January.

NEW YORK.—Spiritual meetings are held at Hope Chapel  
every Sunday, free.

Meetings are also held at Ebbitt Hall every Sunday, at 10 A.  
M. and 7 P. M. during October and November. The Lyden  
Hall, during September. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock.  
Speakers engaged—A. Hayden, Daniel Brigham, Charles A. Hayden,  
during September; Charles A. Hayden, during October; Mrs. M. F. Peabody,  
during November; J. O. Fish during January.

CINCINNATI, O.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have orga-  
nized themselves under the laws of Ohio as a "Religious Soci-  
ety of Progressive Spiritualists," and have secured Metropolitan  
Hall, in East Walnut street, where they hold regular  
meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10 A.  
M. and 7 P. M.

## LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK IN THE BANNER  
OF LIGHT.

(To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore be-  
comes necessary to promptly notify us of ap-  
pointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur.  
Should perchance any name appear in this list of a per-  
son known not to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as  
this column is intended for Lecturers only.)

J. S. LOVELAND will answer calls to lecture, and will pay  
special attention to the establishment of Children's Lyceums.  
Address, Haverhill, Mass.

MISS LIZZIE DOTY will speak in Philadelphia during Octo-  
ber. Will make no other engagements to lecture until further  
notice. Her many correspondents will note the above an-  
nouncement, and please to send her name as above, or Pavilion, 57 Tremont  
street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. LAURA CURRY will lecture in Haverhill, during Sep-  
tember, in Army Hall, Lynn, Sept. 3 and 10; in Portland, Me.,  
during October; and in Lowell, Mass., during November. She will  
also lecture in Bangor, Me., during December. Address as above, or care of  
Banner of Light.

N. FRANK WHITE will speak in Seymour, Conn., during Au-  
gust, in Worcester, Mass., during September; in Troy, N. Y.,  
during October; and in Lowell, Mass., during November. He will  
also lecture in Bangor, Me., during December. Address as above, or care of  
Banner of Light.

DR. AND Mrs. L. K. COOKLEY will lecture and heal in Mar-  
shall County, Ill., during Aug. 10th. Address, Henry, Marshall  
Co., Ill. Will receive subscription for the Banner of Light,  
and sell Spiritual and Reform Books.

M. H. HUGHSON will speak in Stafford, Conn., Aug. 8.  
Will answer calls to lecture in any of the Eastern or Middle  
States the coming fall and winter. Address as above, or Wat  
Paris, Me.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CORRIE will lecture in Bangor, Me., dur-  
ing August; in Lowell, Mass., Sept. 3 and 10. Address, box  
618, Lowell, Mass.

MISS MARY L. DISNEY, trance speaker, will lecture in  
Portland, Me., during September. Address at New Haven,  
Conn., during October.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Chelsea, Mass., during  
September; in Lowell during October; in Philadelphia dur-  
ing November. Will make engagements to speak in the  
West during the fall and spring of 1866, if the friends de-  
sire. Address as above.

Mrs. EMMA HUGHSON will lecture in Buffalo, N. Y., during  
August; in Cincinnati, O., during September; in Milwaukee,  
Wis., during October; in Cleveland, O., during November.  
Would be happy to make further engagements in the West.  
Address, Woodstock, Vt.

AUSTIN E. SIMMONS will speak in Woodstock, Vt., on the  
first Sunday, in Bridgeport on the second Sunday, and in  
Zanesville, Ohio, on the third Sunday of every month during the  
coming year. Address, Woodstock, Vt.

WARREN CHASE will be at South Hardwick, Vt., till  
August. He will attend the Annual State Convention of Vermont  
at Ludlow, in August, the National Convention at Philadel-  
phia in October, and lecture during January and February  
next in Washington, D. C., during March in Philadelphia,  
and spend next summer in the West. Other engagements on the  
route will be made by an application soon. He will receive  
subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

Mrs. LAURA DE FOREST GORDON will lecture in Houghton,  
Mass., during August and October, as above, or Bangor, Me., care  
of H. B. Emery, Esq.

Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNES will lecture in Lynn, Dec. 3 and 10.  
Would like to make early engagements for the fall and winter.  
Address, 100 North Street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNES will speak in Ware, Mass., during  
August; in Peterborough during September; in Athol during Oc-  
tober. Address as above, or Claremont, N. H.

BENJAMIN TODD, normal speaker, will lecture in Charles-  
ton, S. C., during August; in Cleveland, O., during November.  
Will lecture in the New England and Middle States. Address,  
care of Banner of Light office.

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